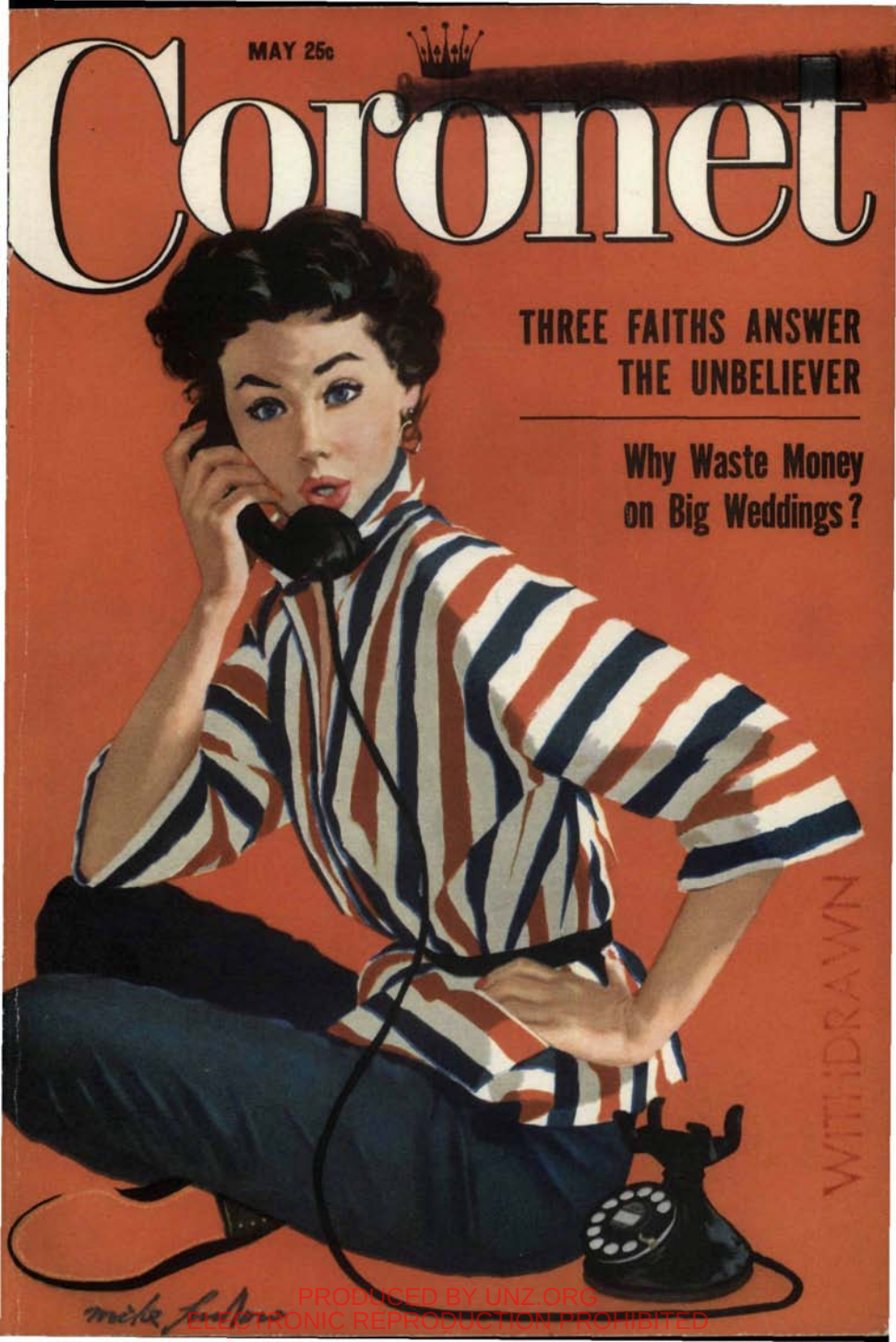
MAY 25c

Coronet



THREE FAITHS ANSWER THE UNBELIEVER

Why Waste Money on Big Weddings?

WITHDRAWN

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Remember Mom...

THIS MOTHER'S DAY

Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

If you can't be with Mother on May 8, let the beauty of your fresh, living Flowers-By-Wire tell her of your love. Delivery worldwide, telegraph-fast, is *guaranteed* by your F.T.D. Florist. Be sure to choose the shop with SPEEDY and the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

TRADEMARK

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

Phone or Visit Your F.T.D. Florist

Florists **T**elegraph **D**elivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

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RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

HERE'S WHY... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. It's this combination of ingredients, working together, that accounts for Anacin's incredibly fast relief. So for really fast relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, or neuritis, get Anacin today.

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

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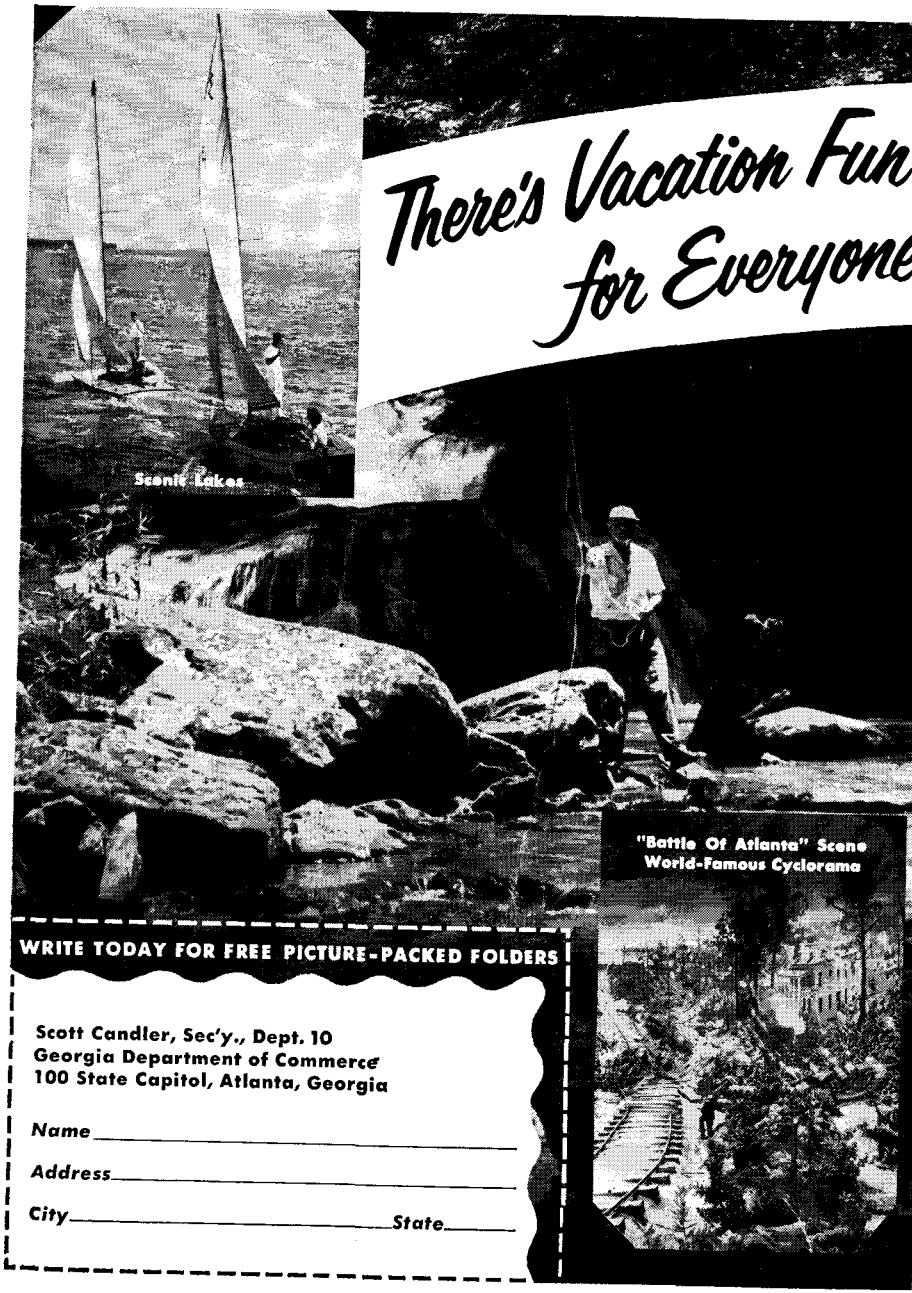

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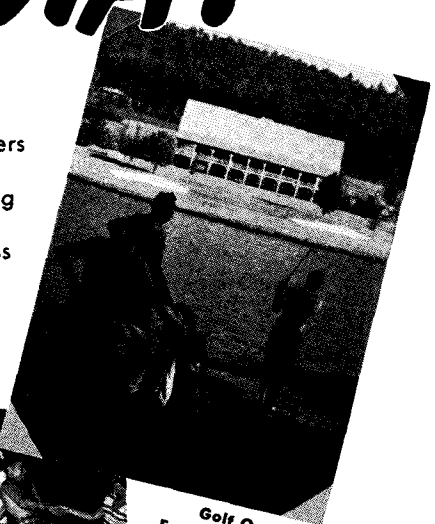
in GEORGIA!

THIS YEAR — COME TO GEORGIA . . . where sport has no season. Georgia offers the perfect, well-rounded vacation for the entire family . . . from sparkling mountains to seashore beaches. Georgia is rich, too, in American traditions . . . many memorable, historic events are yours to be recaptured.



Golf On Emerald Greens

Sun And Fun Beaches

Stone Mountain. A World's Wonder

COME SEE US!
There's lots to do and see in GEORGIA!

GEORGIA DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Scott Candler, Secretary • 100 State Capitol • Atlanta, Georgia

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It's somebody's birthday today

Send your best wishes by Long Distance

There's no more thoughtful way to send your birthday greetings than by telephone.

Along with the words you say, Long Distance carries the warmth of your voice. It's almost like an actual visit. Personal. And satisfying. Yet it costs so little.

Suggestion: mark your calendar in advance right now so you will remember those birthday Long Distance calls you should make.

Long Distance Rates Are Low

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	**45¢**
Boston to Philadelphia	**70¢**
Dallas to New Orleans	**95¢**
New York to Atlanta	**$1.20**
Milwaukee to Los Angeles	**$1.75**

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Yes or No?..... MIKE LUDLOW

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Cinderella wistfully dreams of palatial luxury.

THE MONTH'S BEST...

THE GLASS SLIPPER

MGM HAS WISELY re-united the star (Leslie Caron), director (Charles Walters), writer (Helen Deutsch) and producer (Edwin Knopf) of last year's "Lili" and emerged with another winner in "The Glass Slipper," a tasteful, charming fairytale.

The part of Cinderella seems made for wide-eyed Leslie Caron, who gives it her own piquant quality.

Presented tongue-in-cheek, the familiar legend gets an enormous shot-in-the-arm from the sly, expert performance of Estelle Winwood as the fairy godmother. Michael Wilding plays a rather mature Prince Charming ingratiatingly. Roland Petit's dances, while lacking the zest and inventiveness of the "Lili" choreography, nevertheless allow Leslie Caron to dance prettily.

In a dream ballet, military forces pull Cinderella and Prince Charming apart.

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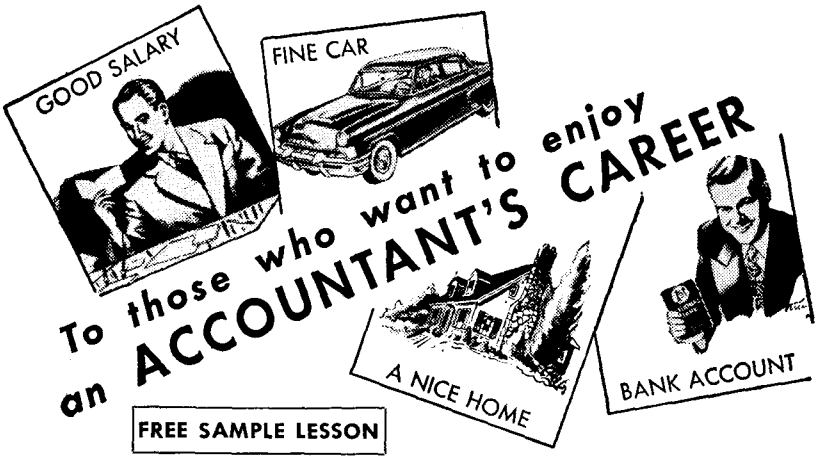

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

IF you're one of them, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of $4,000 to $10,000?

An accountant's duties are interesting, varied and of real worth to his employers. He has *standing!*

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be!

Why not, like so many before you, investigate LaSalle's modern Problem Method of training for an accountancy position?

Just suppose you were permitted to work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accountancy from the basic Principles right up through Accountancy Systems and Income Tax Procedure. Then you add C. P. A. Training and prepare for the C. P. A. examinations.

As you go along, you absorb the principles of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Statistical Control, Organization, Management and Finance.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

Will recognition come? The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle graduates have paid for their training—with increased earnings—before they have completed it! For accountants, who are trained in organization and management, are the executives of the future.

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For your own good, get *all* the facts. Write for our free 48-page book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays"—also the free sample lesson so you can prove to yourself that you can master accountancy quickly, thoroly in spare time at home.

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TRAVEL

Variety Vacation

MAY AND JUNE are festival months in Scandinavia, full of music, dancing and fun. The three countries are crammed with fjords, fairytale towns and friendly people. Denmark's beautiful parks and tree-lined roads invite sightseeing on bicycle or in horse and carriage (*above*), while Norway's folk dances (*below*) are as famous as its midnight sun. Sweden offers its own variety of scenic grandeur—ideal for outdoor sports—invigorating climate and, of course, smörgåsbord.

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LAURENTIDES PROVINCIAL PARK
QUÉBEC
LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS
MONTRÉAL
N.Y.
VERMONT
N.H.
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS
For a Vacation That is Different
Come to La Province de Québec
Every member of the family will enjoy their Québec vacations. Visit metropolitan Montréal, Québec—America's only walled city, the renowned shrines and sanctuaries. Fish and swim in the beautiful lakes and rivers of the Laurentian Mountains, the Eastern Townships, the Gaspé Peninsula. Everywhere in French-Canada you will enjoy old-time hospitality and cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.
To help plan your vacation, write for free road maps and booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or—48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.
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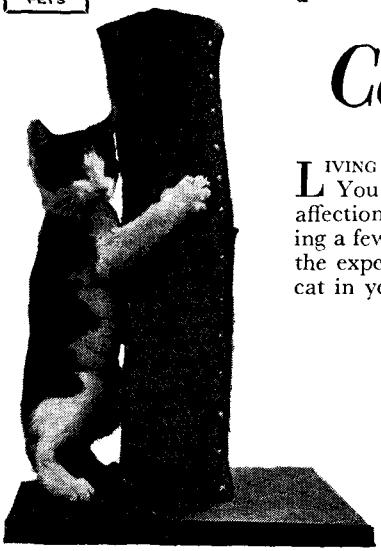
PETS

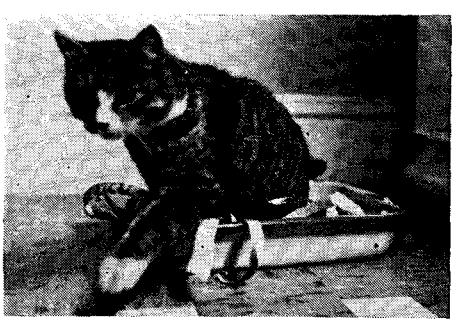


Contented Cats

LIVING WITH A CAT requires a special temperament. You can't display, or expect, an abundance of affection—a cat likes its independence. But by following a few simple rules, presented here as suggested by the experts on feline psychology, you can make the cat in your life a healthy, contented household pet.

FOR THE INDOOR cat who can't sharpen its claws on tree trunks, get a scratching post. Never clip nails; cat needs them for gripping. If feline continues to claw furniture, upholster post in same fabric.

TO HOUSEBREAK your pet, use a shallow enamel pan, low enough for the cat to see over the edge. Place in convenient location; line with sawdust or shredded paper.



HANDLING A CAT by the scruff of the neck is dangerous. When you pick up a kitten, slide one hand under its body; lift as you brace hind feet with other hand.

(*Continued on page 12*)

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Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste

Germs—The Major Cause of Mouth Odor

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Tests have shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives

you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

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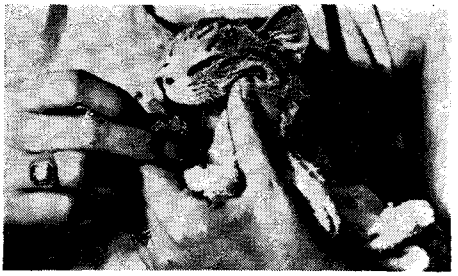

IN ADMINISTERING medicine to ailing feline, disguise pill or capsule by hiding it in a ball of ground meat. Pour liquid medicine into a saucer, and leave on a low table.

AN OLD WINDOW screen, placed diagonally in the tub and resting against the faucet, will catch cat who tries to escape during bath. Use tepid water and a neutral soap.

WHEN TRAVELING, transport pet in cat carrier or any other roomy, ventilated box. Don't feed within four hours of departure or until an hour or two after arrival.

FIT YOUR CAT with a collar, tagged with your name and address, about a half-inch wide and loose enough to slip off if it snags on bushes or fence. Omit bows or bells; if caught, they may strangle cat.

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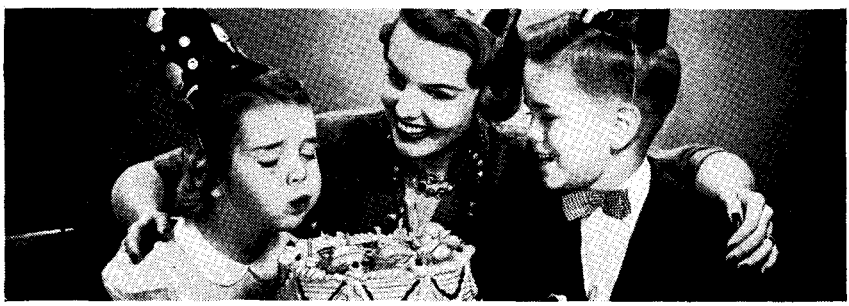
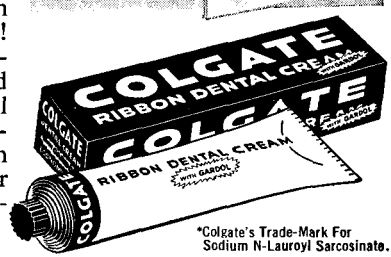
EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives the Surest Protection All Day Long!



Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol* *To Stop Bad Breath Instantly—Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!*

YOUR DENTIST WILL TELL YOU HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH! But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

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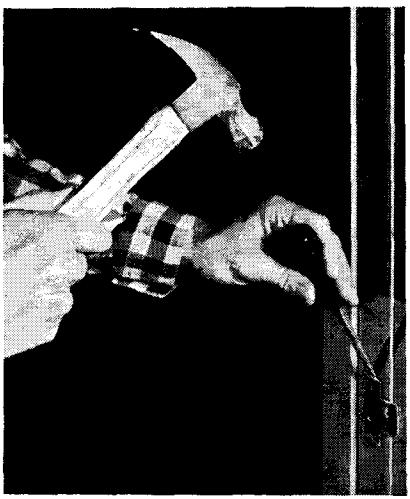
HOME MAINTENANCE

QUICK FIXES

THE AVERAGE APPROACH to home repairs requires elaborate equipment, a mechanical bent and a willingness to spend much time refitting a balky door or supporting a slipping window. The result: many householders let the door stick and the window slam. But between these extremes is a third method—a series of quick fixes for home disorders, all completed in a matter of minutes.

A window that won't stay open can usually be blamed on a broken sash cord. For a workable quick-repair, press a length of adhesive tape firmly into the sash groove, as demonstrated above.



If your door won't latch, worn marks on the strike plate will tell you whether it needs to be raised or lowered. Simply tap the edge with a screw driver, forcing it up or down into proper position.

When a slight touch jars your window shade from its brackets, it needs lengthening. Pull out the round end pin with a pair of pliers. If that doesn't work, substitute a headless nail for the pin.

(Continued on page 16)

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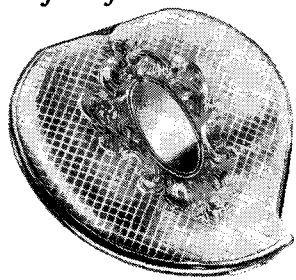
ELGIN AMERICAN

FASHION'S FINEST ACCESSORIES

Perfect for Mother's Day and All Occasions!



Heart-shaped compact in gold tone, engraved design— **$4.95**

Lovely Woodland fawns compact in gold tone— **$4.95**

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Jewel-like finish. Leakproof powder door. Gift boxed. Many other styles to choose from. Priced from $1.00 to $20.00

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Elgin American's new dual purpose creme pressed powder gracefully reflects the morning dew freshness of your complexion. It contains the new and gloriously-beautifying ingredient Elgium* which helps vitalize your skin and maintain that silken soft, youthful appearance.

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Puff included with each refill.

CIRCLE SHADE AND SHAPE

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Medium Brunette
Light Rachel *(Brownette)*

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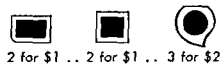
Light Sun Tan *(Dark Brunette)*
Golden Brunette *(Light Brunette)*
Dark Sun Tan



2 for $1 .. 2 for $1 .. 3 for $2

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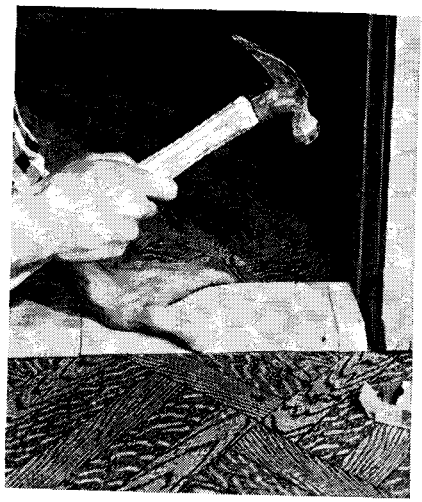
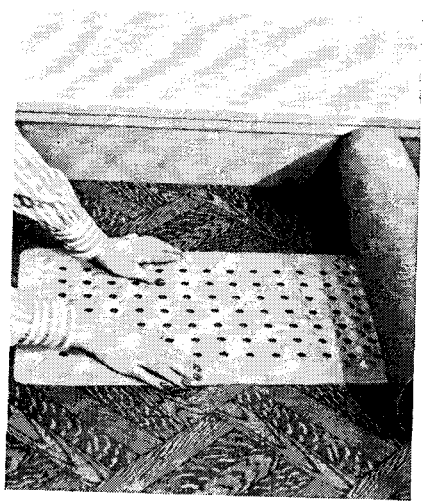


Does your door bind? Let it fix itself. Tack a piece of sandpaper to the saddle—or wherever the door is sticking—and normal door-opening and -shutting will quickly sand off the binding corner.

Drip, drip, drip goes a leaky faucet, and you can't sleep. Get up, tie a washcloth around the offending fixture, letting the end hang into the bowl. The drip continues, but not the bothersome noise.



Skidproofing a scatter-rug requires only a rubber bath mat. Using one of the same size—or slightly smaller—than the rug, slip it underneath and your family is insured against a common accident.

Here is a quick way to get more heat from your radiator: remove the air vent from side of radiator and blow it clear. Another heating hint: paint radiators a dark color. —Jule R. von Sternberg

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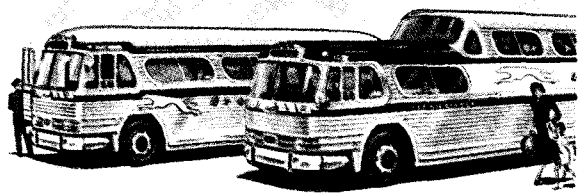
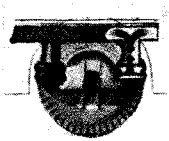
—through the heart of America's scenic beauty

...by Greyhound Scenicruiser® or Highway Traveler®





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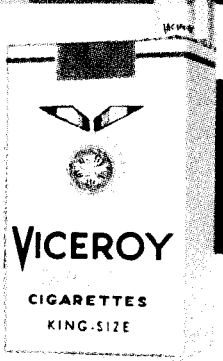

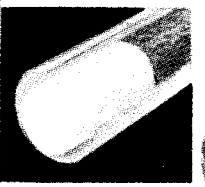

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Coronet

NINETEENTH YEAR MAY 1955

Three Faiths Answer the Unbeliever

by PAUL S. HELLER

AGNOSTICISM—the doctrine that says man can never know whether God rules the world or whether the universe is mindless and senseless—is losing ground. And so is atheism. Recent years have seen a growing rapport between religion and its one-time arch-enemy, science. Religion's abandonment of anti-scientific dogmas, its acceptance of the findings of science as proof of the majesty of God, have made religion acceptable to many people who would have rejected it in former times.

Agnosticism and atheism are not dead, however; they continue to exist, although their prestige has greatly diminished. The unbeliever still poses questions for religious people to answer. Furthermore, agnostic doubts creep into even the most devout hearts and call for answers.

For these reasons, CORONET has asked leaders of the three great faiths—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—to consider questions often asked by agnostics and atheists and to offer replies. Dr. Ralph Sockman, who has been chosen to represent the Protestant faith, is pastor of Christ Church Methodist in New York City; Father John LaFarge, associate editor of *America*, represents the Roman Catholics; and Dr. David Seligson, former president of the New York Board of Rabbis, speaks for the Jewish—more specifically the Reform Jewish—faith.

Here are the questions which were posed by CORONET and the answers that these churchmen have given to them.

QUESTION: How can the Christian or Jew be certain that his God is the true one, when so many mil-

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lions of people in Asia and Africa place their faith in different gods? If we are to rely on faith rather than reason in justifying belief, how are we to determine which faith, among the hundreds in existence, is the correct one? How can we be certain that the "enlightened" religionists of some future age will not place the God of the Christian and Jew in the same category as Zeus or Wotan, or some other mythological deity sacred to ancient peoples?

Dr. Sockman: Religion is a development from primitive to higher levels. It evolves with man. As man's mentality and insight grow, his religious needs change accordingly, leading to corresponding changes in the forms of his worship, as well as his idea of a God.

Even primitive races are not deluded, however—they merely seek God in a rudimentary fashion. When I was a child, I visualized God as a sort of mighty Grandfather. Today, my conception of Him is considerably different.

Different races and cultures seek God in different ways, to the best of their ability. Christians seek God in accordance with the Revelation that was vouchsafed their ancestors. God is eternal and unchanging, but our conception of Him varies with our cultural development.

Dr. Seligson: The fact that mankind has, during its history, worshipped several thousand or more gods is no argument against the validity of Judaism or Christianity. It indicates, rather, the basic need that man feels to relate himself to the Universe and its Creator. The religious impulse is universal, but its forms are diverse. Each of us takes the road to God that his culture and time pave for him.

Judaism long ago gave up the concept of absolutism. There is, we believe, a valid religious experience for every religious group. God is One, but there are many pathways to Him.

Father LaFarge: The different religions by which men have sought God in all ages bear witness not to man's delusions, but to his fundamental religiosity. Rather than use the differences between religions to refute belief, why not consider the similarities, to reaffirm it?

There are many points of resemblance, a really extraordinary degree of unanimity, in the great religions of history. These religions attest to the great intuitions of humanity regarding the existence and nature of God.

QUESTION: A little girl suffers from a dread and sometimes fatal disease that keeps her in almost constant pain. Why, if God is just, all-powerful and good, does He permit little children to suffer so? Why does He tolerate wars that kill and maim millions of people, many of whom are innocent non-combatants?

Dr. Seligson: The question of why God tolerates evil is an old one. The cynic talks about it in *Ecclesiastes*. "I have traveled in many lands," he says in effect, "and nowhere have I seen the good rewarded, nor the wicked punished." How can we resolve the paradox of a good and just God permitting injustice and suffering on earth?

I believe the answer lies in the fact that God has given man free

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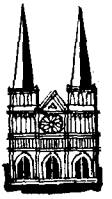
will. Free will permits good as well as evil to come into being—pleasure and pain, peace and war, sickness and health.

Men tend to blame God for evils that we ourselves are responsible for: war, poverty, crime, corruption. It is up to us, not God, to eliminate these great sources of human suffering. God is our partner in improving man's lot on earth, but He cannot do for us what we will not do for ourselves.

Suffering is perhaps necessary in man's present state of development. Only through suffering will men learn to live wisely and well with each other and approach Divinity —become one with God. This is, I feel, the purpose of man on earth.

Dr. Sockman: If men are permitted to choose between good and evil, some are bound to choose evil at times. God is like the father who lets his little boy cross the street by himself, exposing the child to possible injury. The father recognizes that his son must take risks, and perhaps get hurt from time to time, if he is to develop into a normal adult. Similarly, God knows that man, given free will, is going to get himself and his fellow creatures into trouble; He must, nevertheless, give His children the freedom necessary to their spiritual development.

Father LaFarge: The existence of evil is a mystery to which we can give no complete answer. God perhaps tolerates evil for the same reason that democracies allow abuses of free speech. To preserve our political freedom, certain evils must be permitted. In the same way, God's gift of moral freedom to man must necessarily expose man to suffering and injustice.



Obliging all men to be good could only be achieved by eliminating freedom of choice. It would require giving man what we might call a Divine brainwashing—a solution obviously as repugnant to God as it is to man.

Getting back to the little girl—the child's sufferings might be considered unjust, if there were no after-life in which she could be compensated. But there is one, in my belief, and man's rewards in it will be beyond all proportion to his sufferings in this life.

QUESTION: Mr. and Mrs. X have a mentally deficient child. Both parents believe in God and the afterlife; their tribulation has, however, given them moments of uncertainty. "Will our little girl be granted immortality?" Mrs. X sometimes wonders. "If not, why should she be deprived of this all-important reward? If, on the other hand, our daughter *will* be given immortality, why should she have been equipped with such pitiable inadequacy for eternal life?"

Dr. Seligson: Our knowledge of God remains incomplete in many respects. Our view is necessarily limited to a small bend of an infinitely long road. Perhaps some Divine purpose we know nothing of is served by the creation of the idiot or the imbecile.

Father LaFarge: Despite their pitiable condition, and the contempt in which they were held by such monsters as Hitler, the idiot and the imbecile are as important in the

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eyes of God as any other human being. They possess immortal souls and thus have inalienable rights and essential personal dignity. They will be entitled to the fullest enjoyment of God's glory in the life to come. On earth, the idiot and imbecile serve as a perpetual reminder to society that it has a sacred duty to care for its weakest members.

Dr. Sockman: The spiritual development we begin on earth continues in the after-life. The greater the development of the soul on earth, the less it will have to evolve in the after-life. In the case of the imbecile or idiot, it will simply mean starting from a lower level.

QUESTION: It is generally believed that God is just and all-powerful, and punishes people who sin. Why, however, should people who have been forced into crime by overwhelming pressures of their environment, or an unfortunate heredity, be punished in the after-life by the Divine Being responsible for this environment and heredity?

Dr. Sockman: Divine punishment is, in my conception, redemptive in nature. It is designed to teach and reform, rather than to punish for the sake of punishment. In certain juvenile courts, attempts are made to reform delinquents by psychiatric and related means. If man can take such a constructive approach, how much more likely is it that God's punishment will be redeeming and wholesome?

Father LaFarge: My belief is that God will unquestionably make allowances for criminals who have been drawn into crime by unfortunate circumstances. I have known many such men and women, and my feeling is that they are not wholly responsible for their acts. Not responsible, that is, in God's court of justice. Their punishment will be largely what is meted out to them on earth by their fellow men.

Dr. Seligson: We of the Reform Jewish faith do not feel that God punishes individual wrongdoing in an after-life. That does not mean that we have dispensed with the idea of rewards and punishments; we think of them, however, in different terms.

If an individual sins, his group suffers and is punished on earth—not by God, but by the social consequences of the individual's sin. The individual thus becomes the responsibility of the group; we are, literally, our brother's keeper.

QUESTION: Why is it necessary for us to pray incessantly to God, to constantly assure Him of our admiration, adoration and subservience? Why must we feel that God is an enormously vain, vindictive Being who will wreak dire vengeance on us if we do not go on praising Him extravagantly in our prayers?

Father LaFarge: Praise is a natural outgrowth of admiration and love. It is as normal for man to praise God as it is for a child to praise his father, or a husband his wife. Praise provides man with a means of self-expression in his relations with God. It adds nothing to God; it does, however, help man. By recognizing and praising God's perfection, we are brought a little closer to perfection ourselves.

Far from being vindictive, God is infinitely merciful to those who offend Him. Only those who here deliberately and obstinately reject

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the Supreme Good will be separated from it in the future life.

Dr. Sockman: Prayer shows God we love Him. When a little girl offers her father the worse of two apples, he is hurt, not at the inferior offering, but at the evidence of her lack of love. God is our Father, and He wants us to love Him and show it. It takes more than prayers to win His approval, however; good works are also necessary.

Dr. Seligson: The ancients' idea of man's relation to God was that of a servant before a potentate. While we have advanced to a higher conception, prayer still retains its old forms. We value those forms for their poetic imagery and symbolism, without necessarily accepting their inferences regarding man's status with respect to God. Modern man uses prayer to relate his highest aspirations to God. Prayer encourages us to continue searching for God and to live in harmony with His laws.

QUESTION: What evidence is there that God really exists?

Father LaFarge: Proof of God's existence is, it seems to me, found in the fact that scientists, in their search for ultimate causes, reach a point where phenomena cannot be explained without reference to a Divine Being. In the political and social sciences, men must seek God to find an ultimate justification for ethical human conduct. When reason has pushed to the limits of human knowledge, we find it leads us to faith.

Dr. Seligson: Einstein, the great physicist, has revealed an essential unity in the Universe that points very strongly to a Divine Mind. The infinitesimally small atom and the enormous sun are both controlled by the same central, unifying force. Everywhere in nature we find evidence of a basic unity and order that I cannot consider purely accidental and coincidental. The Lord is One, and nature amply attests to it.

Dr. Sockman: One of the strongest proofs that there is a God lies in mankind's perpetual search for Him. Savages and civilized men, the uneducated and superstitious as well as the learned and wise, have sought God in some shape or form since the dawn of history.

There seems to be an intuitive, unfailing response in man to the religious drive. If God had not planted the knowledge of the Divine in man, would we search for Him so persistently? Pascal, the great 17th-century French scientist and philosopher, wonderfully summed up this feeling by attributing to God these words to man: "Thou wouldst not seek Me, if thou hadst not already found Me."

The Beast in Them

MULES ARE LIKE some men, very corrupt at heart. I've known them to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody. —JOSH BILLINGS

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Do Doctors Charge Too Much?

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D.

Some frank answers to a problem which besets many American families

RECENTLY YOU HAVE been very ill, or just moderately ill, or perhaps your doctor has used his time and skill to determine that you were not ill at all. You are grateful—that is, until you receive his bill. Then, quite often, resentment takes the place of gratitude.

The bill never seems to break down into $3 or $5 or $10 a visit. Always there appears to have been something added, and you are convinced you have been over-charged. Why is it that the setting of equitable fees seems to be so difficult?

One reason is that a doctor sells his services, not a product. Even when the care he renders the patient is lifesaving, some people feel that he charges too much. These people are becoming resentful and very vocal about it.

With their help, the American Medical Association has publicly denounced the few unscrupulous doctors who have been sending big bills for ordinary services, or who have refused to perform operations unless large sums were paid in advance, or who would not make house calls unless assured of immediate cash payment. But what about the charges made by the great majority of doctors? Are those too high?

To get a better understanding of the economic problems involved, consider Mrs. Thomas Mackwin's recent difficulty. Mrs. Mackwin, a young newlywed, was excited and pleased when Tom said he was bringing his boss home for dinner. She knew that if the boss liked her, and the way she ran the home, Tom might get a raise.

She was happily preparing dinner when suddenly the kitchen sink plugged up. She called Joe Fisk, the plumber. Joe worked briskly and efficiently, but it took almost two hours to clear the pipes. He charged $9.30 for the job—$7 of this for labor.

Mrs. Mackwin cheerfully paid him and her evening was a success. But an older person might have remembered that in 1940, the cost of labor would probably have been only $3 for the same job—and materials would have cost less, also.

Most people, like Mrs. Mackwin, seem to feel that because of inflation, it is proper for workers to be paid much more than they were ten years ago. But strangely enough, when it comes to doctors' bills, they have a different attitude.

Let me tell you about my friend,

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Bob Roberts, a businessman of 42. Not long ago he had to attend a management meeting in New York City. At the banquet that followed, he ate too much lobster. At 3:00 A.M., he was awakened by a frightful itching.

Looking in the mirror, he was horrified to see his face disfigured by a puffy, red swelling. Promptly he called his doctor. Half an hour later, the drowsy-voiced doctor arrived at his house and told him: "You have a case of giant hives. Probably the lobster you ate."

Some injections and a few pills gave Bob quick relief. Soon after the doctor left, he fell asleep and next morning felt fine and was able to go to work.

A month later, Bob phoned me. "I've gotten a bill from that doctor —it's robbery!"

When Bob quieted down, I learned that the bill was for $10. For this, the physician had seen him in the middle of the night and spent half an hour administering medical care.

I asked: "How much do you think he should have charged?"

Bob thought a moment. "The last time I had to call a doctor at night, he only charged $5.00."

It turned out that this visit was made in 1936, the year you could get a jumbo banana split for 20 cents, send a postcard for a penny, or buy a brand new Ford for $480.

Dr. Fred Jasper, a friend of mine, in his early days of practice decided to allow each hospitalized patient to set the price for services rendered. This seemed like a fair and painless method of handling the fee problem.

Among the first 20 patients were a secretary, a millionaire, several well-to-do businessmen, a successful lawyer, several housewives, a chemist, a toolmaker and an engineer. Out of these patients, one paid about three times the average fee for services received. Two paid just the average. The remainder paid some small sum.

When Dr. Jasper's accountant tallied the results, he found the doctor had been paid an average of 60 cents for each hour of actual service rendered. From that time onward, the doctor set his fees according to services rendered, the nature of the case and the patient's ability to pay.

Patients generally get the type of medical care they want—and at a price which nearly always is fair. Some patients want care only when they have a specific illness; others want to see their doctor periodically; still others require more or less continuous care.

For more than 20 years, statistics show that the average sum spent for medical care amounts to only a little more than four per cent of total consumer expenses. This seems to be a small figure to pay for health. Furthermore, the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that, while the cost of living for the average American family has risen 92% since before World War II, physicians' fees have increased by only 61%.

"Most people do not realize that less than one-third of the total amount of money spent for medical care in the United States goes to doctors. Out of every hundred dollars spent by the average American family, $4.35 goes for medical care; out of this the physician receives only $1.22, the hospital gets a some-

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what smaller share, and the rest of the money goes for drugs, dentists, nurses, etc.

"Moreover, the latest Department of Commerce statistics show that the nation's tobacco and alcohol bill is more than five times as high as its collective doctor bill! And every year the public pays more for television, radio and musical instruments than they do for doctors' services."

But statistics fail to tell the whole story. Medical expenses tend to pile up unexpectedly during certain periods of life. It is during these times that the doctor is most likely to be accused of charging excessively high fees.

Young couples getting started in life often have heavy medical expenses as a result of the birth of children and subsequent childhood illnesses. Accidents or major illnesses may create severe economic problems, especially when these affect the bread-winner. Again, in the older years, illness can cause serious trouble.

The principal way of tiding oneself over such trying periods is by developing a special item in the budget for sickness. This alone, however, is likely to be inadequate, especially when serious illness strikes. Additional help is obtained through carrying insurance. In extreme need, the help of private charities or governmental agencies may be needed.

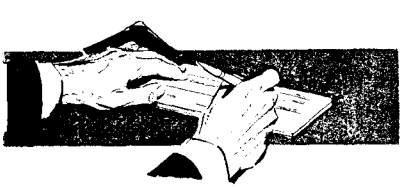
Few people today budget for medical expenses. Even when this item does occur, it is at the very bottom of a heavy list of "musts"—which includes a new car, vacation, entertainment.

Most people believe that doctors are well-to-do and keep all the money they take in. Few realize that a doctor spends 40 per cent of his gross income for expenses in connection with his practice. The mean net income for doctors runs around $12,500 a year. To earn this, the average doctor works more than 56 hours a week. His net income per hour of work averages about $4.50. Surely this is not overpayment for his services when you consider the importance of his work.

A doctor has financial problems peculiar to his profession. He rarely begins practicing before 28, by which time he has spent nine or more years preparing for his career. During these years he has usually gone into debt. When he starts practice, he goes further into debt to finance the opening and maintenance of his office. Then it usually takes him several years to build up his practice so that he reaches the financial break-even point.

But the doctor's real income is even less than it appears. He is obliged to maintain a high standard of living in order to appear successful. He has to pay for his continuing post-graduate medical education, which does not increase his earning ability but merely improves the efficiency of the services he renders you.

A doctor is not covered by Social Security, nor does he receive a pension upon retirement. He has the



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problem of providing adequately for his old age. In fact, if he wishes to have the equivalent benefits of Social Security, he has to buy an annuity costing at least $25,000.

If he gets sick, his practice ceases, as does his income. True, he can have health insurance, but the cost is high. Few patients want to be treated by a doctor who has impaired health. Furthermore, there is no such thing as a paid vacation for him. If he does take a much-needed holiday, not only does his income cease but he may even lose patients.

Despite these special financial problems, most doctors try to keep their fees low, even though by so doing they automatically limit their earning capacity. For example, in various localities medical societies have tried to standardize charges for various services. On the surface, this seems like a good thing. But unfortunately there are no two patients who have exactly the same type of illness and need exactly the same type of care.

Ideally, each patient must be treated as an individual case. But the fixed-fee system means that if a doctor is to earn an average living, he cannot afford to give his patients more than a rationed amount of time. This puts a premium on seeing the greatest number of patients in the shortest period. As a result of doctor and patient dissatisfactions with this method, some fixed-fee schemes have already been modified.

The most serious problems in fee-setting are faced by surgeons. Some believe the patient should pay according to his ability to do so, the complexity of the operation and the amount of care given. They set the fees arbitrarily. Others have felt that a fair fee for operative procedures is payment by the patient of one month's salary.

This means that one patient may pay $150 for a given surgical operation, whereas another may pay $2,000. Wealthy patients object to this arrangement and feel that they are being unduly penalized.

THE CHARGES OF SPECIALISTS are generally higher than non-specialists, but even within these categories, some doctors charge more than others for approximately the same services. Those physicians who develop the highest degrees of skill, the best professional reputations, *do* charge more. This results from the workings of the law of supply and demand. Medicine is an intensely competitive profession in which doctors try to excel in accomplishment to reap honors and financial rewards. This is true even though financial considerations are always secondary to the satisfactions a doctor gets from practicing his profession.

If one takes away the realistic rewards for superiority and substitutes the fixed-fee system, one reverts to the type of backsliding which has overtaken many physicians who, in England, participate in nationalized medicine. Whenever the law puts fetters on medicine, prescribing how it should be practiced, without taking into consideration what is really best for patients and doctors alike, medicine develops prison-pallor.

Doctors usually base their fees on their own estimate of the skill they have, the time they must spend

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with the patient, their office expenses, the customary charges made for such services in their locality, and the patient's ability to pay. Doctors have always scaled down fees to fit the economic status of the patient, and permitted deferred payments. But, always, the doctor has contributed a considerable amount of his own time to the care of many patients who pay only token fees, or no fees at all.

Yes, some complaints about overcharges are valid. But these are rare, and organized medicine is attempting to reduce even these to a minimum.

The best system for setting charges is, first, where the doctor places some realistic evaluation on his services. Then, if necessary, the fee may have to be adjusted to suit the economic needs of the patient. This requires that the patient ask his doctor to discuss fees frankly.

On his side, the patient will divulge the special reasons why the fee should be modified. There is no reason why the doctor should make all the economic sacrifices. Often, to pay for necessary care, a patient may have to forego some luxuries. Or the patient may have to recognize that he must carefully budget for illness as well as health.

To receive the most from your medical care, you must have faith in your doctor, believing that he will not only give you the best service he can, but that he will also charge a fair fee. Likewise, the doctor must have faith that you will follow his medical advice and also recompense him fairly for the services he has rendered.

When I think of what doctors can do for patients today that couldn't be done ten or 15 years ago, I am even more convinced that the costs of medical care are low. For example, many dangerous infections which formerly created prolonged illnesses requiring hospitalization and nursing care, are now tamed in a few days at small expense with powerful drugs. Even when complicated surgical procedures are required, the average stay in the hospital is shorter and the patient's period of invalidism is reduced.

Do doctors charge too much? My answer is this: dollar for dollar, the price you pay your doctor for medical care is not out of line with the price you pay for everything else in the world today.

Burning Question

THOUGH WOMEN were a scarce commodity in the early days on the Texas frontier, the old-timers refused to be stampeded into matrimony at the first opportunity.

"Big Foot" Wallace, a famous Texas pioneer, was once taken prisoner by the Lipan Indians. They tied him to a stake, piled brush around, and the tribe gathered to enjoy the spectacle. As a brave advanced with a firebrand, a widowed squaw, a blanket over her head, stepped out of the crowd and claimed the white man for a husband—as an exchange, according to tribal law, for her dead mate.

Then she dropped the blanket from about her face. Wallace took one look and cried: "Come on! Light your fire!"

—ROSS PHARES, *Texas Tradition* (Henry Holt & Co., Inc.)

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Mr. Ice-Cream Soda

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

From his gourmet's "laboratory" come some of America's tastiest concoctions

ON A SWELTERING August day, Herb Shriner, the TV humorist, came into the air-conditioned comfort of H. Hicks and Son Gourmet Shop in New York City, looked at the people sitting at the long counter and said wistfully: "My father used to take us to soda fountains back in our home town. He said that was the only way he could keep us kids in line."

Within ten minutes, the small man behind the counter, his hands moving swiftly, prepared a special creation for Shriner, called the "Hoosier Split." Weighing close to a pound, 18 inches long, nearly a foot high, with seven different fresh fruits, six flavors of ice cream, imported nuts and hand-whipped cream, the dish kept tart-tongued Herb silent for 15 minutes while he finished it.

Lou Jennings, the man who prepared the concoction, is probably the only full-time ice-cream soda inventor in America. A slender man with the inquisitive manner of a biology teacher and the imagination of a da Vinci, he has been working his singular magic with sodas for the past decade.

It was just ten years ago when, working for Hicks as a soda jerk, he began experimenting with fresh fruits and orange juice instead of carbonated water and discovered the "Sambee," Hicks' best-selling soda. Jennings was promoted to manager of the fountain and soon became chief of fountains for both of Hicks' shops. In deference to his genius, a special soda laboratory was set up in the East 49th Street shop where Jennings spends much of his time experimenting with dabs of ice cream and chunks of fruit.

It wasn't long after the Shriner incident that a pretty Broadway dancer came into the shop and said: "Lou, can you whip up something nice and cool that won't be too fattening?"

This time it took Jennings only 15 minutes to conceive his "Hicks' Hy-Pep" for the weight-conscious

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dancer. A special low-calorie dish, substituting the white of an egg for ice cream and using fruit and orange juice instead of sugar and carbonated water, it has become a favorite with theater folk who jealously watch their weight.

The following winter, actor Burgess Meredith came shivering into Hicks, brushing snow off his collar. "I'd sure like a soda," he said to Jennings, "but it's too darn cold."

This time, it took Jennings somewhat longer to get his creative mind operating. A week later, he sent word to Meredith that his "hot ice-cream soda" was ready. Jennings had solved a problem that had confronted other experimenters, by insulating ice cream with whipped cream, so that it didn't become soupy in the hot chocolate and coffee surrounding it.

Probably his most publicized invention, Jennings' hot soda has been viewed, made, eaten and dissected on some 22 television shows. But more important, experts say it is the first real fountain innovation since the ice-cream soda was invented.

AN ENTERPRISING MERCHANT named Henry Hicks opened his first fruit store and ice-cream bar in Manhattan in 1863, and sold hundreds of sodas to people who came to his shop to buy out-of-season fruits. But even though Hicks was one of the first to introduce the taste sensation to New York, it was not until Lou Jennings walked into the Fifth Avenue store in 1941 and asked for a job, that things really got rolling.

Jennings, now 42, started his career as a soda inventor at 16, when he got his first job at a neighborhood drugstore in Washington, D.C. Today, he's somewhat of a celebrity, on speaking terms with hundreds of the so-called great. His headquarters, close to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, is a convenient spot for VIPs to drop in and sip sodas.

John L. Lewis is fond of holding conferences at Jennings' counter. He came in one day and said, "Lou, you know more about sodas than I do. And I believe in specialists. So in the future, when I order a soda, just give me whatever you think is good."

One day when actress Joan Crawford, comfortably ensconced on one of Jennings' fountain stools, remarked that she couldn't decide between a coffee and a chocolate soda, Jennings' pleasant features creased into what his close associates call "his creative frown." He told Miss Crawford to wait, and went back to his laboratory for 15 minutes.

When he reappeared, he placed what he called a "Choffee Ice-Cream Soda" before the beauteous Miss Crawford and was quickly repaid by her remark: "It's the best I ever tasted!" An ingenious mixture of hand-whipped cream, coffee and chocolate ice creams and syrups, it's one of Hicks' most popular drinks.

Jennings' workshop on East 49th Street is fast becoming a mecca where soda-sippers congregate to ogle celebrities. During one week at Hicks' Gourmet Shop, Audrey Hepburn, Maggi McNellis, Sid Caesar, Walter Winchell, Jackie Cooper, Faye Emerson, Dean Acheson and Thomas E. Dewey were observed on stools, ice-cream spoon in one hand, straw in the other.

Recently, Martha Scott, blonde

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HICKS' SPECIAL RECIPES

These recipes are for 14-ounce glasses. Ingredients should be added in the order mentioned.

Hicks "Sambee"

4 oz. chopped fresh fruit (oranges, apples, grapefruit, grapes)
½ oz. fresh strawberries, slightly sweetened
½ oz. fresh raspberries, slightly sweetened
½ oz. diced pineapple, slightly sweetened
1 scoop of ice cream or sherbet, topped with fresh orange juice

Frozen Glow

2 scoops of orange or raspberry sherbet
6 oz. carbonated water
Put in mixer; then pour over opposite flavor of sherbet

Choffee Soda

1 soda-spoon of hand-whipped cream in a glass
Cover with fine stream of soda water
Add ½ oz. coffee syrup
1 scoop of mixed coffee and chocolate ice cream
1 oz. chocolate syrup
Add soda water and top with hand-whipped cream

Coffee De Luxe

Freshly-chilled black coffee
1 oz. light cream
½ oz. coffee syrup
1 scoop of coffee ice cream, topped with whipped cream

Creme De Mint

1 soda-spoon of whipped cream
½ oz. creme de mint
1 oz. light cream
1 scoop of chocolate-chip-mint ice cream
Soda water, topped with whipped cream

Black Mint Soda

1 soda-spoon of whipped cream
1 oz. creme de mint
1 oz. light cream
Chocolate ice cream
Add chocolate syrup

Hicks' "Hy-Pep" (low-caloric)

4 oz. fresh orange juice
White of half an egg
Shaved ice
Mix well; add berries

stage and screen actress, one of the Hicks' regulars, spent hours with Jennings tasting different cream, syrup and fresh-fruit combinations. The result of this commingling of creative minds was dubbed the "Scott and Soda."

Jennings' unbridled imagination is kept somewhat in check by his official taster, Victor DeRobertis, youthful president of the Hicks' stores. About 3 o'clock every afternoon, DeRobertis comes in, quietly sits at the counter and waits until Jennings has time to serve him. If it's a new concoction and he likes it, he will order another. When he is displeased, he doesn't say anything, and Jennings keeps working on that particular item. The combination of taste and imagination has never missed.

Jennings' genius is not limited to the invention of drinks. As manager and chief fountaineer of the Hicks' Shops, it is his responsibility to

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teach all clerks how to prepare sodas, sundaes, splits and even the proper method of placing a napkin before a customer. All employees undergo a severe training program before they are permitted to serve a customer. Even then, they are under Jennings' eye every moment until he is certain that they have passed his "customer-conscious" test.

One new customer sums it up this way: "I had never had a soda at Hicks' before. A friend told me about this inventor and I went to try out the place. Boy! I got a strawberry soda with real, honest-to-goodness strawberries and the richest cream I ever tasted. But what impressed me was the way it was served. When the counter man put my napkin down and said, 'Sir,' I felt like they cared about my order."

On the general subject of his business, Jennings has this to say: "I think the soda is the most interesting food item in America. After all, how many different ways can you make a steak taste better? But the soda—that's something else!"

Jennings believes that he has barely touched the ways in which sodas can be served, although he marks his present score at 2,000 different combinations. And what is the favorite recipe of one of the top ice-cream soda inventors in America?

"None," says Jennings. "I don't like sodas!"

The Rewards of Faith

FAITH GIVES the courage to live and do. Scientists, with their disciplined thinking, like others, need a basis for the good life, for aspiration, for courage to do great deeds. They need a faith to live by. The hope of the world lies in those who have such faith and who use the methods of science to make their visions become real. Visions and hope and faith are not part of science. They are beyond the nature that science knows. Of such is the religion that gives meaning to life. —ARTHUR H. COMPTON

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, your neighbors, your work, your ultimate attainment of more complete happiness. It is only the farmer who faithfully plants seeds in the Spring who reaps a harvest in the Autumn. —B. C. FORBES

FAITH IS POSITIVE, enriching life in the here and now. Doubt is negative, robbing life of glow and meaning. So though I do not understand immortality, I choose to believe. —WEBB B. GARRISON

COLUMBUS FOUND a world, and had no chart, save one that Faith deciphered in the skies. —G. SANTAYANA

FAITH IS to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe. —ST. AUGUSTINE

FAITH IS indispensable and the world at times does not seem to have quite enough of it. It has and can accomplish the impossible. Wars have been started and men and nations lost for the lack of faith. Faith starts from the individual and builds men and nations. America was built by and on the faith of our ancestors. —G. A. SANDBERG

—From *The Forbes Scrapbook of Thoughts on the Business of Life* (B. C. Forbes & Sons, Publishing Co., Inc.)

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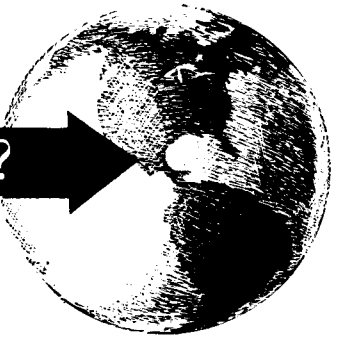
WHERE IS WHAT?



MIKE WALLACE, host of the radio variety program, "On a Sunday Afternoon," (CBS Radio at 4:05 to 5:55 P.M., EDST), was communications officer on a submarine during World War II. On his travels, Mike discovered that geographical terms may have different meanings. The statements below, for example, refer to three possible meanings of one geographical word. Of these, one may be correct, two may be correct, or all three may be correct. On the other hand, all three may be incorrect. Quizmaster Wallace wants you to decide. Cross out all the meanings which you think incorrect. **(Answers on page 42)**

1. JERSEY, *a Channel Island, is:* a. a fine woolen yarn; b. a wagon; c. a breed of cattle.
2. TROY, *a ruined city in Asia Minor, is:* a. a city in New York; b. a system of weight; c. a very heavy cigar.
3. BERLIN, *former capital of Germany, is:* a. fine-grained wood; b. a four-wheeled carriage; c. a canoe.
4. AMAZON, *largest South American river, is:* a. an annoying ant; b. a bee queen; c. a tall strong woman.
5. PANAMA, *a Central American nation, is:* a. a fine straw hat; b. a very long cigarette; c. a sweetened bread dish.
6. BOSTON, *capital of Massachusetts, is:* a. a heavy shoe; b. a card game for four; c. a form of waltz.
7. HOLLAND, *a European kingdom, is:* a. a brand of wine; b. a kind of fowl; c. unbleached linen.
8. WELLINGTON, *capital of New Zealand, is:* a. a brand of cattle; b. a high boot; c. a hunting hound.
9. COPENHAGEN, *capital of Denmark, is:* a. a green color; b. a two-handled glass vase; c. a kind of elm tree.
10. WINCHESTER, *a cathedral city in England, is:* a. a sharp, pungent sauce; b. a sporting firearm; c. a travelling bag.
11. PEKING, *former capital of China, is:* a. a kind of green tea; b. a soft coated dog; c. a striped satin fabric.
12. ARRAS, *a city in France, is:* a. a kind of police dog; b. a wall tapestry; c. an ardent spirit.
13. ASTRAKHAN, *city in Russia, is:* a. a carpet of long pile; b. a long-haired dog; c. a long curled fur.
14. TOLEDO, *a city in Spain, is:* a. a fine-tempered sword; b. a pink rose; c. a reversible linen fabric.
15. HAMBURG, *a German seaport, is:* a. a fashionable felt hat; b. a variety of cattle; c. a seasoned pork chop.
16. ANKARA, *capital of Turkey, is:* a. an aromatic bitter; b. an inflammatory infection; c. a woolen cloth or shawl.
17. INVERNESS, *a county in Scotland, is:* a. a two-seated pleasure carriage; b. a full sleeveless cape; c. a raincoat.
18. GENEVA, *a city in Switzerland, is:* a. a black academic gown; b. an Alpine variety of gentian; c. a kind of gin.
19. MADRAS, *a city in India, is:* a. a large, bright kerchief; b. a sweet wine; c. a rattan cane.
20. ETNA, *a volcano in Sicily, is:* a. a case for cigarettes, etc.; b. fluid rock; c. a vessel for heating liquids.

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SR 406: Fungus Killer

by Robert L. Dee

A chemist's war against insects developed a weapon that fights a more deadly foe

Nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of farm crops are ruined by disease every year in the U.S., and most of the damage is attributed to an ancient but still mysterious enemy of mankind. That foe is fungus, and it exists in more than 1,000 deadly forms.

This versatile destroyer has been fought on our farms and in our laboratories for decades with only spotty success. Capable weapons have been produced, but only for specific purposes under specific conditions.

One fungicide works well against peach brown rot, for example, but not against brown rot of cherries; another may stop apple scab but be worthless against potato blight. And often a fungicide halts certain types of the disease in one part of the country, only to prove useless in another.

Today, however, there is hope that the staggering waste caused by fungi may be greatly reduced and perhaps even ended, by a new white powder made mostly from oil. Dr. Robert H. Daines of Rutgers University, one of the nation's leading plant pathologists, calls the white powder "one of the most significant steps of modern times in safeguarding the human food supply from disease damage." And along with other scientists he hails it as the most versatile and effective individual fungicide in existence.

This newest weapon is known as SR 406 in the Laboratories of the Esso Research and Engineering Company at Linden, New Jersey, where it was discovered. Its common chemical name as approved by the U.S. Department of Agriculture is "captan." It is manufactured and sold as "Orthocide" and "Captan."

Experiments leading to the discovery of SR 406 began a short while after Capt. Allen R. Kittleson had scraped the green mold of the Pacific's fungi (so potent they can virtually destroy leather articles overnight) from his combat boots. Unlike most war vets who were happy to forget all about the jungle

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fungus, young Kittleson returned to civilian life in Esso's Chemical Research Division, determined to develop a superior agricultural chemical under a company project in this field.

One day a few months after starting the search, the former Iola, Wisconsin, farm boy walked into the laboratory of Dr. Louis A. Mikeska, patriarch of Esso's organic chemists and holder of more than 100 patents.

"Do you have any more of that foul-smelling stuff you call perchloromethyl mercaptan?" Kittleson inquired. "You were working with it the other day."

"Yes," replied Mikeska with a smile, "but why do you want it—to run everybody out of the building?"

"No," Kittleson smiled back. "I think it may help make a pretty good insecticide."

Picking up the sample, he returned to his labs and reacted it with three other chemical building blocks. It was then that SR 406 (known technically as "N-trichloromethylthio-tetrahydrophthalimide" for reasons that only chemists comprehend) was born. Ironically, Kittleson thought he had an insect killer.

Like all 405 previous formulae in the series, SR 406 was sent to nearby Rutgers University for extensive experimentation.

Weeks passed, and other compounds were concoted as Kittleson doggedly continued his hunt. Then, late one afternoon, the phone rang. It was a Rutgers technician, enthusiasm in his voice.

"Our people are excited about your compound, SR 406," he said.

"What? The insecticide?" Kittleson asked eagerly.

"No," the technician corrected, "not the insecticide. SR 406—*fungicide*—the disease killer. It looks like one of the most potent fungicides we've ever seen."

A few pounds of the amazing new chemical were prepared that winter of 1946-47, tested further by Rutgers, on vegetables at a Florida Agricultural Station and then in Canada, Europe and other areas. It wasn't until 1952, however, that semi-commercial production of satisfactory quality was achieved and made available to farmers.

Previously, the highest quality apples grown in the U.S. came from west of the Rockies. Then, for the first time in agricultural history, growers from New York to Virginia started producing apples with a value comparable to those originating in the Northwest (where certain fungi do not thrive). Eastern orchard owners are now receiving at least $1 a bushel more for fruit from the same trees, and there is no doubt that SR 406 is a major factor.

Meanwhile, Kittleson's discovery is regarded as a valuable ally in the fight against fungi that destroy avocados, carrots, celery, cherries, cucumbers, grapes, lima and string beans, muskmelons, onions, peaches, peppers, potatoes and tomatoes. It has already demonstrated its worth when used on many of these, and on other fruits and vegetables.

It is also a success in the treatment of seeds. In one experiment, 19 untreated corn seeds were planted and only four emerged from the ground. Under identical conditions, all 19 corn seeds that were treated

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with SR 406 came up in healthy condition.

Among its other amazing qualities is an especially curious characteristic scientists are currently exploring eagerly: the possibility that it contains growth-regulating properties. Grapes treated with SR 406 in Switzerland ripened one to two weeks earlier than usual, were half again as big as previous crops—and even tasted better.

The bulk of the commercial production, until recently, had been for apple orchard use. Last year, however, a new plant was opened at Perry, Ohio, which boosted production to ten million pounds annually. Under Esso Research license, both the California Spray-Chemical Corporation and the Stauffer Chemical Company market its output.

As a result, SR 406 is now available in garden-size cannisters of "Orthocide" and "Captan" in many areas, and homeowners have found it effective against black spot on roses, downy mildew, seedling rot and many other plant diseases.

In addition, experts at the R. T. Vanderbilt Company laboratories at Norwalk, Connecticut, foresee the use of SR 406, because of its germicidal and fungicidal qualities, in soap, rubber, plastics and pharmaceuticals.

BRAIN TWISTER

Pioneer Problem

SAM WALKER and his wife, hardy pioneers, had settled in the West on the open prairie, 20 miles from the nearest settlement. Around their sod hut in all directions was nothing but a vast rolling sea of grass.

One hot July day, Walker's wife became critically ill. Telling his son to protect his mother against possible Indian attack, Sam saddled his horse, shoved his rifle into the boot and galloped off for the doctor.

The sun was hot and the dry grass waved in the stiff breeze as Sam raced across the prairie . . . only a few more miles now to the settlement.

But just then an arrow whizzed by his ear. A second hit his horse, killing the animal. Indian attack!

Sam jerked the rifle from the boot, quickly took a position behind the dead horse and started firing back.

There were five redskins out yonder in the grass, he figured. One tried to snake through the grass and attack him on his flank. Sam took careful aim and fired. The Indian rolled over dead. Two others charged him, and suffered the same fate. Two left.

Suddenly the Indians stopped shooting. Sam, wise to their ways, suspected a trick. And he was right.

Over yonder a tiny cloud of smoke twisted skyward from the grass, grew larger, the flaming grass crackling as the fire swept toward him.

"So that's it," Sam muttered. "They're trying to burn me out. I'll show them."

Sam knew how to outwit them. What did he have in mind? If you were he, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE? (Solution on page 142.) —LOUIS WOLFE

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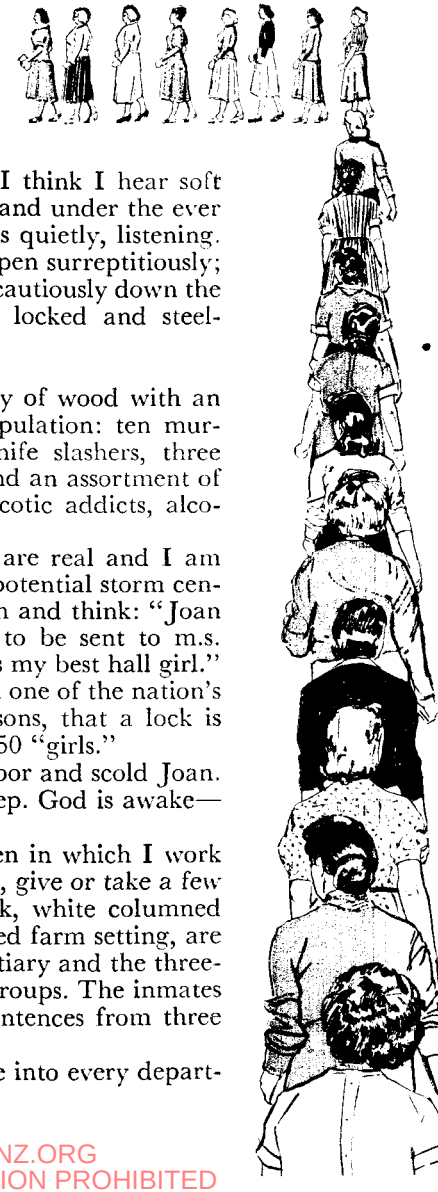
Here are unknown facts about some of our nation's toughest criminals

My Prisoners Are Women

by CAROL HUGHES



SOMETIMES, in the deep of the night, I think I hear soft padding footsteps outside my door; and under the ever burning hall light a human form stands quietly, listening. Sometimes, too, I think I hear a door open surreptitiously; and a light-footed night prowler moves cautiously down the long corridor that stretches past fifty locked and steel-barred doors.

Sometimes, I do.

For outside my door, which is merely of wood with an old-fashioned lock, there is quite a population: ten murderesses, five armed robbers, eight knife slashers, three would-be killers, ten common thieves and an assortment of homosexuals, prostitutes, vagrants, narcotic addicts, alcoholics.

But even when I *know* the footsteps are real and I am tucked helplessly in bed in this forever potential storm center, usually I do nothing more than sigh and think: "Joan is on the prowl again, and will have to be sent to m.s. (maximum security) cell, and there goes my best hall girl." For I have learned, as a relief matron in one of the nation's largest and most modern women's prisons, that a lock is just a temporary irritant to my hall of 50 "girls."

And so I do not bother to open my door and scold Joan. Instead, I turn over and go back to sleep. God is awake—I hope.

The particular state prison for women in which I work has a population of around 400 inmates, give or take a few comings and goings. Its beautiful brick, white columned buildings, set in a rambling, white fenced farm setting, are divided into three sections: jail, penitentiary and the three-to-three (three months to three years) groups. The inmates range in age from 17 to 70, serving sentences from three months to three lifetimes.

As a relief matron, my duties take me into every depart-

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ment, every hall, every work line. During the course of them, I have seen strange and terrible and wonderful things. I have seen a prison literally torn to pieces by a bunch of juveniles. I have sat calmly quiet behind my glass partition as Coke bottles sailed down halls and mirrors crashed, perfectly certain that the mad frenzy going on outside my cage would not harm me. For I knew, exactly *why* they were tearing down maximum security hall.

IN MY LONELY OUTPOST I have seen the other side of this picture, too; and I have learned many things about prisons and prisoners and the prison code that operates in the long, grim, steel-doored, iron-barred halls.

Sitting about me in the common room—a big room that serves as dining room in the daytime, living room at night—are the 50 women of my hall. Some are playing cards at the dining tables that seat four; others are chatting, smoking cigarettes, knitting, playing solitaire. They wear cotton blouses and skirts, saddle oxfords or ballet casuals, and look like a group of slightly older college girls rather than what they are—some of the nation's most hard-boiled criminals.

I sit, back to wall by a table, and look at the faces: gentle, hard, pliant, questioning, pleading, cold. I look at the softly lighted room, the pictures on the wall, and I am the house mother in a college dormitory. Then I think of the well concealed bars in tall French windows, of heavy steel doors and of the little key I wear on a black cord around my wrist. And my eyes appraise each girl more watchfully.

There sit Muriel S., her body corroded with heroin; Norma M., laughing that deep, throaty laugh that Hollywood would pay well to hear. Norma is a roving social tramp—good home, good family, enough money, but not enough thrills to satisfy her unbreakable heart.

Stoic little Barbara T. is only 17, but her case history is already spotted with prostitution, taught by a long-experienced mother still plying her trade; impassive Nancy B., a cold-blooded murderess who robbed for money and killed for pleasure, adding her own personal touch by cutting off the head because she "liked to see it roll."

And Frances M., a weak, adoring woman who went where her man went, did what he did—and followed him, even to ten years in prison. Lois L., the unwholesome, the life-drainer who has tasted everything. Yet Lois is luckiest of them all. For whatever *is* contents Lois; iron bars can never contain her waywardness.

Good-natured Beverly W., tireless, dependable, alcoholic old reprobate on her fifth sojourn with us, converses with Hertha B., foul-mouthed, hefty, ready with her fists as a man and twice as vicious. Margery B., with the saintly face, the sweet gentle nature—dupe for a gambler—sits quietly alongside Janet R., the crime-of-passion mother who killed her man when he beat her child. I am very fond of this bunch of girls—they are a particularly nice hall.

Yet, as I watch them, I think of the strange paradox of an unarmed woman, alone, among such a population. True, there is a telephone on the mantel that connects

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me with the guards outside the building. But it is as close to them as it is to me—they can get there first. I hold in my hand a key that locks the outside door, and their doors. But the same key that locks them in locks me in with them. A knife could be grabbed up from the table and thrust at my back and I would be at their mercy. On the other hand . . .

"I felt them move in behind me, around me, making it impossible to reach the phone" . . . .

It is a cold January morning and I am "in resident" as relief matron on Hall 6-2 for five days while the regular matron is off duty. The time is 6:30, and fifty confused, resentful girls fidget uneasily in their cells. At 7:30 they must be dressed, fed and ready for their work line to be called.

I am due to be up at 6:00 to throw their light switch so they can dress and clean their rooms and get ready for breakfast and for work. But today my alarm clock does not go off and I sleep peacefully on behind the steel door which, in this particular hall, shuts me off from them completely. They are each locked in an individual cell and mine is the responsibility to get them up.

I am in trouble, but they will *not* be. If they do not go to work on schedule there will be no punishment for them. But I will be severely reprimanded.

So what happens on this cold wintry morning? Fifty hardened criminals who hate crawling out of their beds and going to their drab jobs are pacing their cells *worried sick about me*. How to get me up? How to keep *me* out of trouble?

If they start screaming and banging, others will be aware of my dereliction. This they do not want.

So talk is passed up the line from cell to cell. And then it begins—the thing that puts terror in the heart of a matron when heard in the dead of the night.

At the very end of the hall one girl raps loudly on her cell wall. The next picks it up on the opposite side of her wall, and down the long hall it comes in rising crescendo until it is a constant, dreadful-sounding rat-a-tat-tat-tat that penetrates thick walls and steel doors.

A matron is as attuned to that sound as to her daily bath and food. For it is the prison trouble call, and never is it used unless there is dire trouble in the night—someone is seriously ill, someone is out of her cell—and its beat, beat, beat summons the one person that the helpless, scared girls know will come—their hall matron.

When the sound reached me that morning, I sprang from bed and looked at my clock. My heart jumped too—for joy. My girls were sending a distress signal *for* me—not *to* me.

And when I rushed out to unlock their doors, I found that 50 rooms had been cleaned in the dark, 50 girls had dressed in the dark. And 50 girls marched out to a work line without any breakfast—right on time—without complaint.

I stumbled quite by accident on my career as a prison matron. Three years ago I found myself

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adrift in the world, with no family ties, no husband, no children. I weighed 120 pounds, stood five feet on the dot and was perfectly healthy; but I had made the unforgivable mistake of allowing myself to become 40 years old, the age when "life begins"—and jobs end.

Then one morning a riot in a juvenile institution in a southern city took the headlines away from Korea. Day after day it raged until the director, under fire from all directions and in defense of his under-manned staff, pleaded: "I haven't had an application for a job here in five years."

He had *one* that day.

I found I was the ideal applicant. Maturity is a necessity for work in penal institutions. The desirable age limit is from 30 to 60. Forty is perfect. At 40, a woman can look forward to 30 more years of useful work—for 70 is the retirement age in most states.

I found, too, that there is no housing problem. A prison matron enjoys a large private room and bath, and the food is excellent. By some standards the salary is low—from $150 to $200 a month—but it is almost all take-home pay.

Ours is a world of endless amazement, and the work itself provides never-failing interests, excitement, pathos, drama, surprise.

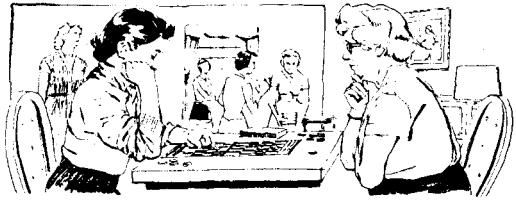
My duties take me into every corner of the prison. I attend classification sessions in which the director and his top personnel study the criminal record, doctor's report, testing records and psychiatrists' reports, and decide the future of the little prison girl who will soon sit in the "hot seat" before us.

Otherwise, a girl's past dies when she enters our institution; here, all emphasis is on her future. Later on, I will have a chance to contribute to the molding of that future. And nothing can bring the inner glow that comes from knowing that that job has been well done.

Doing a job right in prison is different from anywhere else. For *not* to do it right here can mean disaster. In a population such as ours, for example, there comes the inevitable moment when a girl goes berserk. Sometimes there are storm warnings that build up an atmosphere of fear and watchfulness. Sometimes it is quick, and disaster is there in one sudden, unguarded moment.

So I faced it one night when Frances, a dope addict just out of her two weeks' quarantine of silence and aloneness, suddenly jumped to her feet and whirled down the long hall slamming doors in a wild rampage.

As she came abreast of me, glazed eyes unseeing and unknowing, she grabbed a chair and raised it over my head. I stood calmly looking at her, hands at my side, knowing that one movement on my part could mean at least a battered body, perhaps death.



How my other 49 girls did it without seeming motion or sound is one of life's inexplicables, but I

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felt them move in behind me, around me; they shut me in, making it impossible to reach the phone or get to a door. But a great warm sense of protection flowed over me as three of them edged in front of me to take the blows, and a dozen others closed in around Frances. Not a word was spoken throughout it all. But their silent menace brought a haunted look of fear to her face, and the chair was easily and gently pulled from her grasp.

I was not afraid. For this is an inexplicable thing about our prison world: a plain square-shooter is as safe there as she is in church.

A matron can be as firm as she likes, can make her girls toe the line to every rule. She can call their bluffs when they are faking, tell them off when they lie. She can put them in punishment when they deserve it, give them bread and water and take their recreation from them, and still claim their friendship—yes, even their protection—if through it all she has been fair.

It is another strange prison paradox that "lifers," "old-timers" and "long-timers" are the best behaved groups. They give little or no trouble because they face the cold reality that now only good behavior—and "the time off" that it earns—can ever get them out again.

Ninety-eight per cent of our population falls in line with our strict, meticulous insistence on good behavior, with its ample rewards. They do not want trouble. A "wrong" matron can make of her hall a home or a hell. She can turn these helpless, locked-in people into monsters.

A relief matron did just that to Ruth M., who had survived 17 years of prison routine and kept her sanity, her looks and her pride.

Ruth is a good, faithful, old prisoner who turns out her full eight hours' work, volunteers for extra work and obeys every rule like a robot. In nine more years she will go up for parole. The hardest is over. She is on the upgrade now.

THIS MATRON DOES NOT like Ruth —"that old murderess with her hair all done up and lipstick on—she needs someone to remind her where she is—the old convict."

Ruth has matured now, conquered the youthful passion that made her kill once. She has turned to religion, seriously. Good matrons have aided the softening process.

Ruth has learned instinctively to judge the people who rule her life. So she keeps herself aloof when this trouble-maker comes on duty. She is polite, reticent, does her job. But at night, during the recreation hours, Ruth asks permission to go to her room, be locked in.

The matron begins on Ruth by making her re-clean her room in the morning. When the work line is about to be called, she is told to go change her dress—it's too short.

At dinner she is reprimanded for talking too loud. Afterward she is told to do the mending. When she asks to wash her clothes she is told, no; others have been promised.

Day after day this goes on, and the long, long buried passion begins to seep through the routined, well-nurtured patience and forbearance. Then, one day, fully aware of the consequences, Ruth quietly picks up a chair and bashes it down on the matron's head. And then Ruth

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moves with her usual slow tread down the hall, into her room and closes the door. It is over now—over for her for all time.

Yes, the job of a prison matron is a rigorous, long-houred cloistered life, and it presents more than the usual occupational hazards, I suppose. But each new girl poses a stimulating problem to the matron who approaches her job with the true ideal of her position—rehabilitation.

My job is hard, but rewarding. I get up at 6:00, throw the light switch, dress and enter my hall at 6:30 to find the girls up and cleaning their rooms. When I unlock the 50 doors, they stream out to the showers. Breakfast is at 7:00. At 7:30 their work lines start, and I am left alone on the hall with five or six girls who clean, scrub, polish, wax. I see to it that everything is spotless. Then I make up reports and check the rooms for neatness or signs of any undue activity.

At noon the work lines return and I supervise lunch. When the afternoon work line is called at 1:00, I am free to rest, visit, do what I please until the girls return at 4:40. From then until 8:00 I am alone with them. This is the period when I must be most alert, most observant, most helpful.

They are tired, nerves edgy from a long work day without a cigarette. They dread the night and the key in the door, the hours of wakefulness—of remorse—in their enforced darkness.

Here, tempers can be lost; there can be sudden flare-ups, wrangling, quick thievery in rooms, escape plottings. Always there is that potential split second when quiet and peace can erupt into turmoil.

I am the pivot around which it all revolves; mine the strength and understanding that keeps it on an even, smooth keel. I urge girls to participate in singing, playing cards; provide sewing equipment; or help some very troubled girl find the peace she so needs before those steel doors lock her in for the night.

There are nights of mounting tension. I do not know where the danger lies. *But they know.* And there are magic nights when each girl is like a lazy, contented kitten. The room is bright, cheery; there is laughter, singing.

And so I stand at 8:00, with my girls around me repeating The Lord's Prayer and then our benediction: "May God watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other." I feel warm and glowing inside, for I have gathered my hall about me without anger, peace reigns and my girls will sleep.

Yes, God is awake, and I am content.

Where Is What?

(Answers to quiz on page 33.)

1. a-c	6. b-c	11. ---	16. c
2. a-b	7. c	12. b	17. b
3. b	8. b	13. c	18. a-c
4. a-c	9. ---	14. a	19. a
5. a	10. b	15. ---	20. c

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Here's to Hawaii!

by Arthur Godfrey

SOMETIMES folks wonder if I have a motive when I play so much Hawaiian music and talk about the Islands all the time. Well, the only motive, I suppose, is to recall the memory of my first trip to the Islands in 1944 and try to transmit my pleasure to people who haven't been there—try to let them see and feel the unbelievable beauty of the place, the color, the simplicity, the soft, wonderfully relaxing weather. I was charmed by the natives. In those days they were remote, withdrawn people who didn't mix with servicemen. But one night I went into a glamorous place and picked up a ukulele and began to play. That introduced us. Nobody knew or asked who I was—or cared. It's very nice to be liked for yourself, not for your name.

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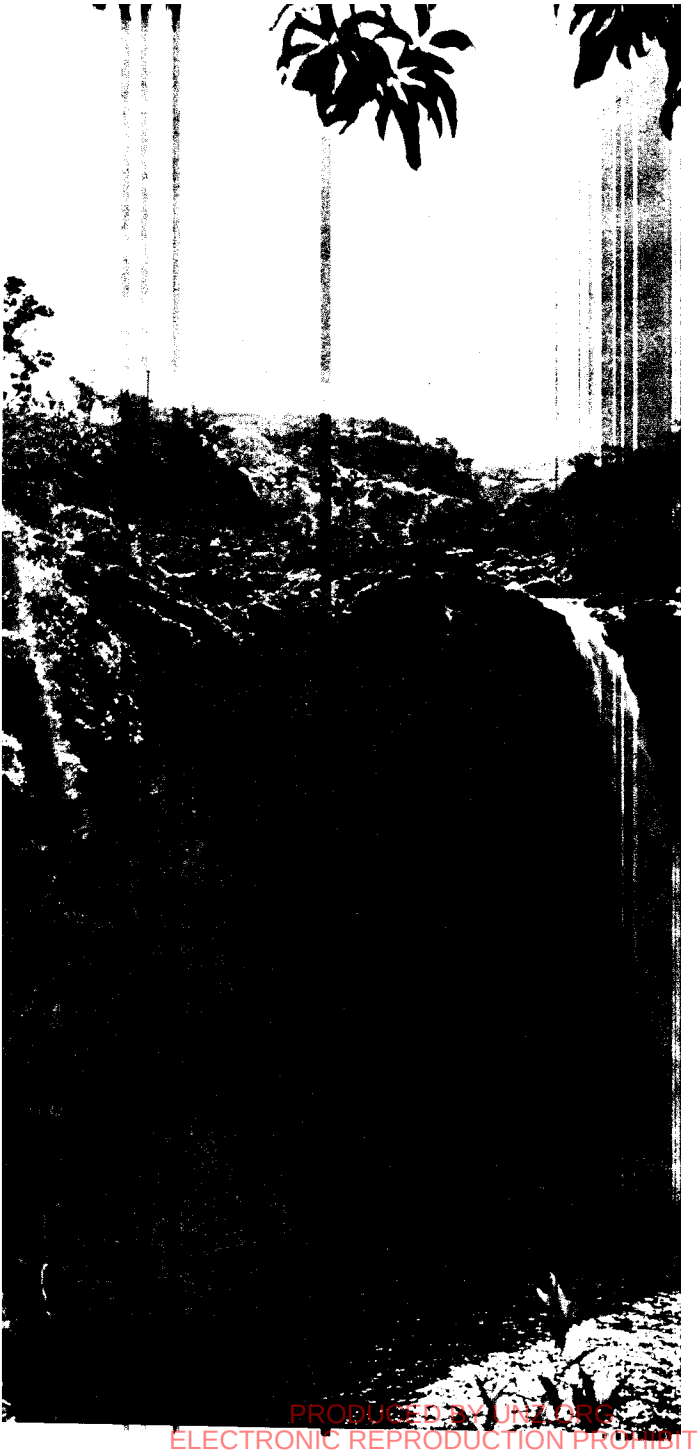

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Hawaii is a paradise for anyone with a camera; the ponds, the flowers, the trees, the girls. As it always has, the sun still makes lots of magic with the spray of Rainbow Falls (opposite page).

Surf-riding is a really thrilling sport. You see those breakers? They break as much as half a mile from shore. If you know your stuff, you can get on one of them and ride all the way in. The water here is different from anywhere else. It's sensuous—like champagne—and you can stay in it all day long and never get cold.

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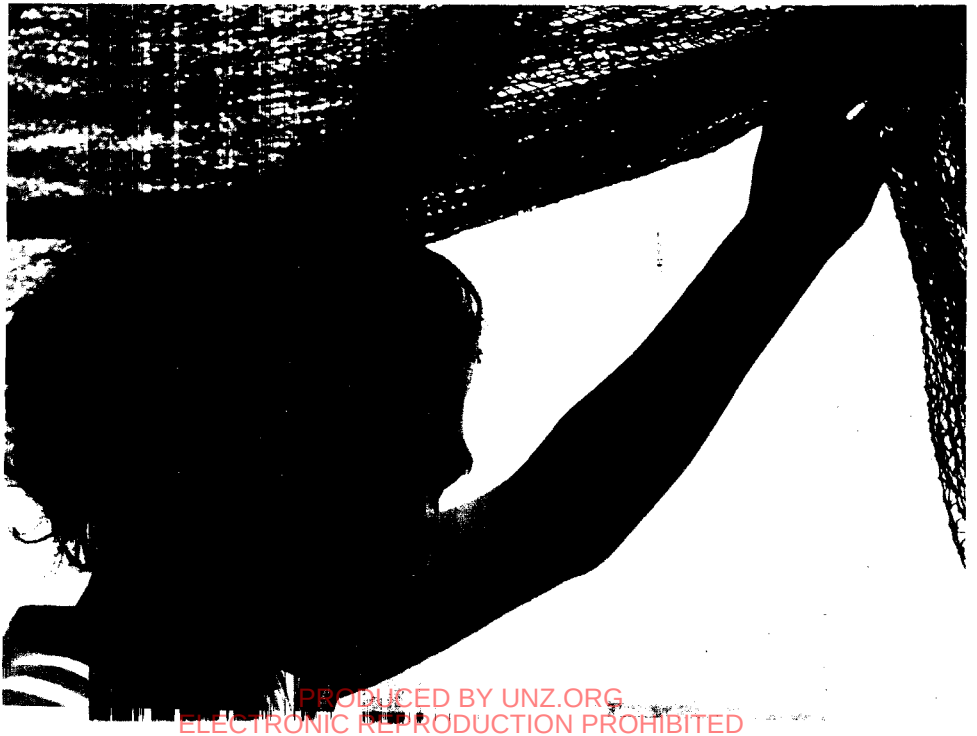
Take a fellow like this one blowing on a conch shell. He can swim 40 miles a day and never tire . . . and never get out of breath. If they get tired, they just lie on their backs and float. If they are hungry, they will catch a fish with their hands and eat it raw. Incidentally, raw fish (if you will just try it) is delicious.

This woman is a full-blooded Hawaiian. They are becoming rare because they are marrying outside of their race. They are marrying Japanese, Chinese, Caucasians and developing a people which some day will be as truly "Hawaiian" as the original.



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Hawaii is a melting pot. Above we see some of the Japanese in a ceremonial. Every summer they hold "Bon Dances," honoring the spirits of those who have died. Below is some more evidence of the melting pot. Here are schoolchildren who are part Portuguese, part Chinese, part Japanese, or full-blooded Hawaiian, and it's well-nigh impossible to tell which is which.

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Waimea Canyon is one of the few Hawaiian landmarks that survives year after year. Being tropical, the Islands are in a continual process of deterioration and rejuvenation, but this magnificent canyon stays intact, as beautiful as our Grand Canyon.

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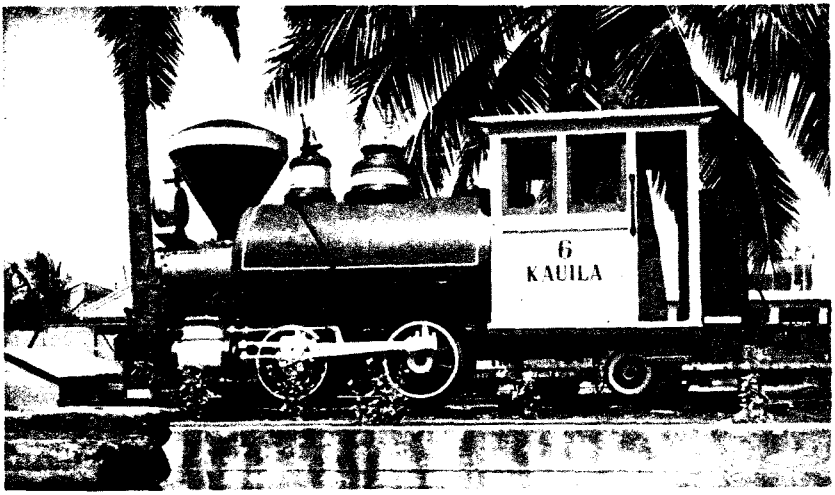

The Hawaiians have recorded so little about their history—they haven't bothered saving much for posterity—that this antiquated locomotive of the Oahu Railway Company is a local novelty. King Kalakaua bought it in the States in 1887. It ran up through World War II, and today it stands on a pedestal in downtown Honolulu. Below is where I swam on Waikiki Beach every day. The tall building in the background is the famous Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Next to it is the Outrigger Canoe Club, a very exclusive beach club. And I understand that more hotels have been built along this beach since I last was there. Well, it's understandable. The surf off Waikiki is the most beautiful in the world.

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You don't see many fishermen like this any more. The boys today want modern equipment. And so times change. But the Islands themselves have an eternal beauty that surpasses anything I ever have seen anywhere else.

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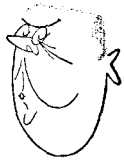

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Who's Who in Whistling

by JOHN MCGIFFERT

The types range from the devoted pet owner to the nostalgic Romeo

WE LIVE IN A WILDLY noisy world, our ears bombarded by television, radio, automobile horns, sirens, and jet planes. However, since science created these noisemakers, I'll leave it to science to figure out ways to muffle the uproar.

But there is one type of noise that has received too little recognition as a menace to the nation's nerves. That noise is whistling—shameless public whistling, in all its maddening variety. This is a problem not for science, but for the individual conscience.

Some of the most excruciating public whistlers I know don't even realize that they're addicts. I have, therefore, compiled a partial breakdown of the most notorious species, together with suggestions for their rehabilitation.

1. Nostalgic (or "What a Lover-Boy I Was in My Youth") Whistler: favorite titles—"Bye Bye Blackbird," "Heartaches," "Don't Worry 'Bout Me," and "Where Are You Tonight?" Nostalgic Whistler has cow eyes and a

ago

head that swivels when a pretty girl passes (especially after 5 P.M.). Advice to Nostalgic Whistler: go home to your wife and kids. Pronto!

2. Nervous Whistler: strictly non-musical, even though he drums constantly with fingers on nearest desk or wall. His whistle is an insidious, hissing monotone, innocent of all melody or rhythm. Habitat: offices, reception rooms and hotel lobbies. Prescription for Nervous Whistler: just keep your lips tight together, friend. Always.

3. Hit-Parade Whistler: never performs anything but the Number-One-This-Week tune, a trait that can cause an entire office to go berserk when a tune stays at the top for ten weeks or so. At least one whistler of this species perches in every office building. Favorite locale—the elevator. Recommendation to Hit-Parade Whistler: use the stairs.

4. Washroom Whistler: cousin to Hit Parade species. Favors second or third rank-

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ing tune, rather than Number One. Responds to the resonance of tiled walls. Kindly query to Washroom Whistler: what's the matter with the acoustics of your *own* bathroom?

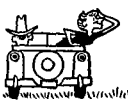
5. Bebop Whistler: a whirling dervish, a one-man band. His tune is just an accompaniment to snapping fingers, hands slapping on thighs and metal heels clicking on sidewalks or floors. Tip to Bebop Whistler: get cool, man. Rent yourself a soundproof studio.

6. Impresario Whistler (sometimes known as the Hot-Licks-on-a-Classical-Theme Whistler): abounds on commuter trains between large cities and prosperous suburbs. Favors operatic aria, or complete slow movement of symphony or concerto, usually by Brahms, Grieg or Rimski-Korsakov. Suggestion to Impresario Whistler: read your newspaper.

7. Pet Whistler: owner of dog, cat, parakeet or monkey. Issues series of short, sharp, rising blasts that continue even if animal responds at once, and sometimes goes on into the night, even though pet has (understandably) run away from home for good. Hint to Pet Whistler: just call your animal by name, please.

You will have noticed, of course, that the seven most significant species of whistlers are all masculine. Public whistling has long been a man's vice—one of the few areas left where woman has not muscled in. But latest reports from farflung researchers are disturbing in the extreme.

At scattered points throughout the country, women are beginning to whistle in public—nervously, nostalgically, even classically. If this be a trend, I quake with dread. For if women take to whistling, the national eardrum is doomed indeed.



Texas Roundup

AFTER RESIDING FOR 20 years in the East, my sister-in-law returned to her native Texas for a visit. Friends drove her about the state during her stay, and upon returning home she reported nostalgically, but enthusiastically:

"Texas is just as wonderful as I remembered it. There's no other place in the world where you can actually see so much of so little so far between."

—ALAN MACDONALD

AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY a Texan was bragging so about his native state that a starlet could stand it no longer. "I'm from Kentucky," she announced, "and do you know what we have in my state? Fort Knox, where there's enough gold to build a golden fence around Texas ten feet high."

"Is that right?" drawled the Texan, not in the least perturbed. "You go ahead and build that fence—and if we like it—we'll buy it."

—*Jack Carson Show* (CBS)

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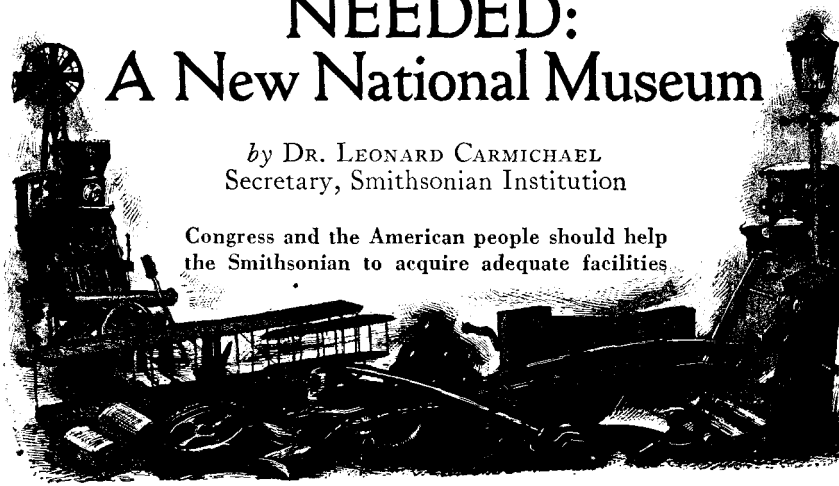
NEEDED: A New National Museum



by Dr. Leonard Carmichael
Secretary, Smithsonian Institution

Congress and the American people should help the Smithsonian to acquire adequate facilities

A TATTERED FLAG, the symbol of our freedom, lies half-hidden in a gloomy hall of America's national museum in Washington. Many of the eight million visitors a year pass by without notice. Yet this is the precious "Star Spangled Banner" that Francis Scott Key saw through "the rocket's red glare" in the War of 1812.

This is but one tragic example of the way America's treasures have had to be neglected for lack of space at the Smithsonian Institution. One observer has remarked sadly: "The Smithsonian is more like a cluttered attic than an exhibition of our nation's progress."

Unfortunately, those who administer the Smithsonian must agree. We have the most extensive and important collection of national treasures in the world. Some have set its value at above one billion dollars. But—the "Star Spangled Banner" is obscured by cramped rows of cases displaying the uniforms and swords of past generals, and by the Wright Brothers' frail flying machine. One of our most widely visited buildings is falling to pieces; an awesome show of U. S. power is warehoused out of sight in a woods at Suitland, Maryland; quaint old Victorian gas fixtures stick from the walls of several buildings, to give an idea of their age; priceless gifts, from meteorites and dinosaur bones to pianos, gather dust in every cranny from the attic to the coal bin; thousands of other gifts, including a 130-foot steam locomotive, have had to be refused for lack of space.

When Congress recently started appropriating money to refurbish exhibits dating from Teddy Roosevelt, the Smithsonian had been serving as the nation's principal scientific and historical treasure house for more than a century. Some of its oldest collections date

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from exploring expeditions sent to unknown lands by Congress in the 1830s.

The Institution was world-renowned when the electric light and the gasoline engine came into being. The U. S. has moved on to its great power and authority in the machine age and now, in the atomic age. Yet, the Smithsonian remains, physically, in the era of the buggy whip.

The United States alone of the great nations does not have an adequate national museum. However, this is not because Americans lack interest. The Smithsonian is surpassed only by the Capitol and White House as a point of interest to Washington visitors.

The Regents of the Smithsonian have a thoughtful expansion program. One proposed new exhibit, for example, would show the early explorations of America, the first settlements and colonial government from the proud palace at Williamsburg to severe Pilgrim councils in New England. We have plans for a shrine where the "Star Spangled Banner" would hang full length in a reverent setting.

Such plans would be in keeping with the tradition of the Smithsonian, founded by the British scientist, James Smithson, who willed $500,000 to the U. S. for "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Today, the Institution has the basis for the world's greatest museum, some 35,000,000 catalogued objects, many of them priceless relics of American history.

The Smithsonian has within its crowded confines the U. S. National Museum, the National Gallery of Art (Mellon Gallery), the National Collection of Fine Arts, Freer Art Gallery, Bureau of American Ethnology, National Zoological Park, an Astrophysical Observatory with stations in the Americas to study solar radiation, and the Canal Zone Biological Area.

Science and the Smithsonian have always been closely allied. The first Secretary, Joseph Henry, was possibly the greatest American scientist of his generation. He was also a patron of invention. He personally encouraged Samuel Morse to create the telegraph. Another Secretary of the Smithsonian, Samuel Pierpont Langley, was a pioneer in aviation.

The Wright brothers wrote to the Smithsonian for information before they began to build the first successful heavier-than-air machine. The Smithsonian was asked by Alexander Graham Bell for advice on how to develop the telephone. Dr. Robert Goddard, who launched the first liquid-fueled rocket, was helped in his research and given grants by the Smithsonian, while the modern forms of the Weather Bureau, Geological Survey and Lighthouse Service emerged from the minds of Smithsonian scholars.

If the visitor has the time and patience to pick his way through exhibits that are poorly lit and piled almost on top of one another, he can see an amazing growth in science—Whitney's model of the cotton gin, Morse's telegraph, Henry's electromagnet, Howe's sewing machine, Edison's electric lamp,

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Duryea's automobile, Bell's telephone, Thomson's electric welder, Borden's evaporator, Corliss' steam engine and Sholes' typewriter, among hundreds.

Here, too, are relics of great moments in American history—Washington's sword and uniform and field kit, the desk at which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, the wheel of the battleship *Maine*. However, the Smithsonian must grow, to keep pace with the growth of the U. S. since those historic days.

This is what we have in mind for America's Museum Land, stretching down the long Mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument:

Four buildings of the Smithsonian will remain, at least for the present. One is the ivy-covered Norman castle which, for millions, symbolizes the Institution. This more-than-a-century-old red sandstone monument, with a weather vane atop its 12-story tower, is the original building, and today houses the offices. It was designed by one of our first great architects, James Renwick, who also planned St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

Two others are temples to art: the magnificent white marble National Gallery, given to the nation by the Mellon family, and the Freer Gallery with its exhibits of Whistler's genius and its treasures of Oriental art. The fourth is the Natural History Building facing Constitution Avenue. It is known familiarly to thousands of school children as the "old bones building" because of its skeletons of dinosaurs and its huge whale. With some additions and changes, this building can be made into a modern museum.

But our most urgent need is for a real Museum of History and Technology to take the place of the crowded, dimly lit old building next to the castle. This Victorian structure is three times too small for the collections in it; lacking storerooms or work rooms, it is cut up by roofs of many heights, balconies and stairs. It is in constant need of repair. The aisles are so narrow and the exhibits so jammed that the visitor has little chance to absorb the history in the cases.

WE HAVE PLANS for a modern Museum of History and Technology on Constitution Avenue, next to the Natural History Building. It would replace a series of ugly temporary structures and be within easy walking distance of the White House, Washington Monument, Archives, Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the FBI. This new Museum will give us space to present our important treasures in their true glory—a panorama of our progress from a little colony to a world power.

We intend to have a series of central halls, each devoted to a vital era of our past. One would be the Hall of Exploration, with relics and dioramas of that bold era. Each exhibit would stress the mood of the age and pull together the strings of technological, social and political forces that molded the time.

In another series of exhibits will be the Smithsonian's priceless collections showing the small beginnings and rapid growth of industry, covering such special fields as medicine, engineering, electronics and photography, to name a few. Here,

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too, will be rooms where visitors can meet with our staff for lectures with slides and motion pictures. Behind the scenes will be space where scientists, historians, inventors and writers can come to study our materials; a library; laboratories; field research headquarters and work rooms for preparing traveling exhibits.

A second building on the "must" list is a National Air Museum. Most of our wondrous collection is in storage, but a few historic planes like the Wrights' *Kitty Hawk* and Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* hang from the rafters of the old National Museum Building. Some others are jammed into a World War I temporary hangar, a simple shed in which summer temperatures soar above 100.

A third building would be a Gallery of American Art to house the National Collection of Fine Arts, now scattered among the dinosaur bones, in offices or in storage. It would display the National Portrait Gallery—paintings of men and women whose greatness built America. In addition, it would show pictures of historical significance, the development and growth of our national sculpture, the goldsmith's and silversmith's arts and ceramics.

Besides these three museums, the Smithsonian would like a planetarium for the nation's capital, where there is none today. The millions of visitors who come to Washington every year could see the heaven's mysteries and hear popular lectures by astronomers in a field in which the Smithsonian has long been a research leader.

The Smithsonian believes it owes this much to the American people. Only from knowledge of the past can we bare the secrets of the future. Only from an understanding of the forces that turned our wilderness into a great nation can we remain strong.

Other important countries have gone to great lengths to preserve and display their treasures. Soon after World War II, Germany began rebuilding its museums, and today they are more glorious than ever. The Soviet Union has turned the Kremlin into a gigantic museum to create a propaganda image of Russian greatness. All of which poses a disturbing question for the United States. Can we, who have inspiring lessons to tell, neglect to tell them because we do not have the proper facilities?

Postscript

AN EPITAPH in an old Moravian cemetery reads:

Remember, friend, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now thus you must be,
So be prepared to follow me.

There had been written below in pencil, presumably by some wag:

To follow you I'm not content
Till I find which way you went.

—Compiled by PEGGY EDMUND and HAROLD WORKMAN WILLIAMS *Toaster's Handbook* (H. W. Wilson Co.)

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I Swam for 21 Hours

An unknown Canadian schoolgirl faced incredible odds to accomplish a history-making feat

by MARILYN BELL
As told to ANNE FROMER

LAST FALL, Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition, the world's largest annual fair, contracted with the world's greatest woman swimmer, Florence Chadwick, to stage one of the Exhibition's "spectaculars"—nothing less than a first attempt to swim turbulent Lake Ontario.

Almost unnoticed (indeed, uninvited), a 16-year-old Toronto school girl slipped into the lake at the starting point in Youngstown, N.Y., in Florence Chadwick's wake. Most of Marilyn Bell's swimming had been done as part of her hobby, which was helping rehabilitate crippled children by teaching them to swim at Toronto's Lakeshore Swimming Club.

Gus Ryder, coach at Lakeshore, was also Marilyn's coach and adviser. Ryder and three companions accompanied the girl in a boat stocked with an eight pound tin of corn syrup and a carton of Pablum. Twenty-one hours later, Marilyn Bell completed one of the incredible feats in the history of human endurance. She had swum an estimated 42 miles through water that many people would consider too cold to drink; she had battled and beaten towering waves and adverse winds; she had endured acute illness from rough water and from nauseating oil slicks.

When Marilyn entered the water, no prize of any kind awaited her across the lake in Toronto. But as her heroic hours passed, as she plodded forward with paralyzed legs and an aching stomach long after Florence Chadwick, conqueror of the English Channel and the Catalina Channel, had given up and been removed from the water, Marilyn caught the imagination of thou-

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"I dreaded the thought of swimming alone in the darkness, in cold, unfamiliar waters . . ."

sands of admirers in the Great Lakes area on both sides of the American-Canadian border.

As the girl inched painfully and doggedly toward the Canadian shore, radio stations broke in with repeated bulletins. In downtown Toronto, history's worst traffic jam quickly built up as office workers stampeded towards the National Exhibition waterfront. Before Marilyn reached shore, 300,000 men, women and children were waiting for her in an atmosphere that combined triumphant enthusiasm with unbearable tension.

When she had dived into Lake Ontario the night before, Marilyn Bell was an unknown girl trying an impossible feat. By the time she touched the breakwater at Toronto 21 hours later, she had not only attained fame and fortune, but had won the hearts of millions of people to a degree that can be compared only to the response aroused by Lindbergh's epic flight.

Here, in her own words, is the story of that dramatic feat.

11:07 P.M.: September 8th—I waited while Florence Chadwick, caught in a bright circle of light from a searchlight, took a dozen strong, beautiful strokes into Lake Ontario; then I dived off the wall of the Coast Guard Station at Youngstown.

The searchlight found me and stayed a moment. Then it went back to Miss Chadwick, leaving me doing what I had never done before—swimming alone in darkness, in unfamiliar waters. I dreaded the thought of swimming through the blindness of night, and that was one of the two fears that had bothered me while I was training for this swim. The other was—eels; those ugly, slimy lampreys that fasten themselves to a swimmer's legs or body and cling there. . . .

I had only been in the water a few minutes when my second dread happened. I felt a bump—and an eel attached itself to my stomach. Instinctively, I struck hard at it with my hand. Fortunately it had not yet had time to take a firm grip with its sucker-mouth, and my blow knocked it off.

On shore now the lights were going out and cars were starting up as the people who had come to see the start of the swim drove away. The swim across Lake Ontario was now on in earnest. Somewhere near, Florence Chadwick was swimming, and somewhere in the confusion of boats and lights and voices ahead was my boat. But for long moments I was swimming alone in blackness.

The only light visible was the narrow beam of a searchlight in the Northern sky. I knew it must be the searchlight I had been told would shine up from the National Exhibition all night to guide us. But instead of being a comfort, it made me feel how impossibly far my destination was. Thirty-two miles from Youngstown to Toronto, they said; but seen from water level, that pale beam could be a hundred, a thousand miles away.

Then across the water a flashlight waved and I heard the comforting

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familiar voice of Gus Ryder: "This way, Marilyn, this way!" I swam towards the voice and the light, and soon I could make out the dim, bulky form of the whaleboat.

Suddenly another dark shape loomed out of the darkness near me. It was the dinghy towed by the whaleboat on a long, swinging line, and it almost bumped into me before I could stroke sharply away.

That was something else to worry about—not so much because the boat might injure me, but because if it touched me I would be disqualified. The only things I could touch —except water—until I reached Toronto or was pulled out of the lake, were the paper cups of liquids which my trainer would pass me, set in a wire loop at the end of a stick.

Midnight: The water was calm and warm when I dived in, but I knew that was the influence of the Niagara River. Now that I am out of the current and into the lake proper, the water is becoming sharply colder and noticeably rougher. This is the Lake Ontario I know. I remember the first time I ever swam in it, when I was ten years old, in a children's race. Instead of swimming a crawl like the others, I swam on my back. When I was asked why, I answered: "Because the water is too cold to put my face into."

3:00 A.M.: "Strangely, it isn't the cold that is bothering me now. It is seasickness that comes from being tossed about, for longer than ever before, on waves that are getting higher and higher, and from swallowing water—something I cannot avoid in this choppy sea. I swim as near as I dare to the whaleboat and call to Gus: "I'm sick!" Gus calls back reassuringly: "I'll fix you a drink. You're doing fine. The sun will be up soon, and things will look better in daylight."

I take the paper cup of diluted corn syrup from the end of the stick Gus holds out, sip it slowly while treading water, then start again.

4:00 A.M.: By now I am swimming automatically, stroke after stroke endlessly, and the change from darkness to grey dawn creeps up on me almost unnoticed, and without much comfort. My stomach is still one large dull ache, my arms are becoming tired, and my legs are so cold and numb that I have, unconsciously, stopped trying to make them work and I am letting them just trail behind me.

5:00 A.M.: In a dull sort of way, I know that this is all wrong. I've done enough swimming to know a swimmer with dead legs is finished —unless they start working again. How much farther to go, I wonder? I've been swimming six or seven hours and there's only water in sight, cold rough water and the bobbing whaleboat with its swinging, dangerous dinghy. Nearby, I know, out of my limited line of vision, is the big cabin cruiser with my parents on board. And, I can't help thinking, with a heated cabin, my warm robe and a soft, soft berth . . .

With the coming of light, Gus Ryder and his companions in the escort whaleboat could get a good look at Marilyn for the first time since she had dived off the Youngstown pier six hours before. They were shocked by what they saw. Her fresh complexion had turned a dull grey and her blue-lipped mouth sagged; her sparkling eyes—normally her most lively feature—were glazed and lifeless. One of the helpers in the boat later declared

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feelingly: "If it had been my decision, I'd have taken her out of the water then and there."

6:25 A.M.: I don't know how many hours it is now that I have been trying to swim with my arms only, but I do know that I can't do it any longer. I'm hardly moving forward at all; just threshing the water. When there isn't a wave between us, I can see the whaleboat bobbing nearby. The people in it are looking over at me with worried looks on their faces. Then Gus calls out, "All right, Marilyn, you've done your best. Come over to the boat and we'll pull you out. You can't swim if your legs won't move."

Those words sound so wonderful . . . that is my first thought—and suddenly I realize it means that I've quit; that I won't make it. Maybe it's just as well, though. Maybe it's right what so many people kept telling me and my parents and Gus —that nobody can possibly swim across ice-cold Lake Ontario.

But my bitter disappointment at quitting halfway makes me cry as I swim slowly towards the whaleboat. Just a few more strokes and strong hands will reach down for me. . . .

Then I hear Gus yell, "Pull away, pull away!" When I look up, the whaleboat is moving away. Gus is playing a mean trick on me, my numb mind says. But Gus shouts at me: "Your legs!"

Now I understand. My paralyzed legs, which wouldn't go on when there were hours of swimming ahead, came to life when I thought it was all over and I only had a few feet left to swim. It was a trick, all right, but it has kept me in the swim.

7:15 A.M.: Now that Gus is certain my legs are in working order, but tired and numb with cold, he passes me a paper cup of liniment to warm them and limber them. It's quite a feat, I discover, to get one's legs out of the water for a rubdown. With the cup of liniment in my left hand I turn on my left side (careful, hold the cup up so it won't get dunked). Now take a scoop of liniment in the right hand, lift the right leg out of the water . . . down goes the head under water, overbalanced by the leg. Now rub furiously before you have to come up for air. Rest a minute, and repeat until both legs are covered with liniment. They feel good now, all warm and tingling. But the pains in my stomach are worse than ever.

9:30 A.M.: I'm moving better now. The sun is getting high, and it stands to reason it must be warming me—a little, anyway. But no warmth enters the way I feel. Except for my liniment-coated legs (and even that is beginning to wear off now). I'm cold all over, cold through and through.

It was probably fortunate for her morale that Marilyn could not judge her movement in mid-lake. For, during much of her epic swim, wind, ten-foot waves and current swept her steadily westward off her straight course. As a result, she swam an estimated 42 arduous miles instead of the crow's-flight 32 miles.

10:30 A.M.: It's an hour later now. What have I been doing in that hour? Swimming . . . and getting colder and more tired. Gus calls me over for my regular cup of corn syrup and Pablum, but when I reach up for the cup my fingers are shaking so that I drop it. It turns on its side, fills with water and floats away.

I look helplessly at the boat—and I am amazed to see that one of the

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men aboard is crying. I wonder why—and then I realize it's because *I* am crying. I feel sorry for him.

On the blackboard in the boat, Gus is writing. Just three words in big letters: "FLO IS OUT." Now every stroke I can take means that I will be in the swim that much longer than the champion. I stop crying. I wave towards Gus and extravagantly sprint a few strokes to show that I am fine . . .

What Marilyn did not know was that Florence Chadwick had been forced out at 4 A.M., *with acute nausea caused by the high waves. Gus Ryder had kept the news for an emergency, decided to tell Marilyn when she was crying and apparently ready to give up from utter exhaustion. He realized that the news might have the opposite effect on the girl. She might think, "If the great Florence Chadwick has to give up, it's no disgrace for me to do it." But Gus gambled on his own opinion of Marilyn's courage.*

3:00 P.M.: I've been sixteen hours in the water, and now I'm swimming quite mechanically; motion of arms and legs, that is, has become second nature. It's as though I've *always* been doing only that—with a stomach ache. Suddenly there's excitement. I hear the voices of Gus and the others on the escort boat shouting angrily, and a big shape looms over me. This is no swinging dinghy—it's moving too fast. Instinctively I stop swimming and tread water, as a big cruiser cuts across the bow—much too near for comfort.

That close shave brings out an R.C.M.P. boat and a Toronto Harbor Patrol launch. Now there are planes circling overhead, too, and a helicopter that makes an ear-piercing noise, poised directly over me. I wish it would go away.

If Marilyn could have seen beyond the escort that boxed her in, she might have thought she had swum into the midst of a mad regatta. At news that she had passed the halfway mark, an incredible assortment of watercraft put out to meet her. Led by Toronto's squat civic work-tug, the Ned Hanlan, there were yachts, sailboats, rowboats and even kayaks venturing far beyond their safety limits.

3:30 P.M.: That friendly escort of boats has one disadvantage. Boats leak oil into the water—and the close formation around me is spreading smears and puddles of oil in my path. I take a deep breath of sickening oil, and become nauseated. Suddenly, illogically, I think, "Heavens, am I going to be too sick to go to that school dance tomorrow night?"

4:00 P.M.: I'm becoming sicker and sicker; and what's worse, so sleepy that I have to struggle to keep my eyes open. I try to calculate how long I've been awake . . . I had awakened at nine o'clock *yesterday* morning, so I haven't slept in 31 hours. And I've been in the water for 17 hours.

4:30 P.M.: I'm still swimming, but it's more mechanically than ever, because I know I'm falling asleep. And now I'm sure I must be dreaming, because I seem to be able to hear the voice of Joan Cooke. Joan

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is a swimmer too, and my best friend. But, of course, she is at her office job in Toronto.

But it was Joan Cooke's voice Marilyn heard. It had become obvious to Ryder that some new dramatic stimulus was needed if Marilyn was to carry on. He had pleaded with one of the motorboat drivers to hurry to Toronto, telephone Joan, and persuade her that Marilyn needed her out in the lake. Dramatically, Joan arrived in the nick of time—as Marilyn's narrative at this point shows.

5:00 P.M.: I'm finished. I have no strength left. I'm not even swimming any more, just clawing the water and hardly moving. My legs no longer seem to be part of my body.

A deep splash in the water wakes me up. I look around and open my eyes. It is Joan Cooke, swimming beside me. We cry and we laugh.

Presently, Joan, who had jumped in with all her clothes because she saw that I was finished if something didn't happen to arouse me, has to be taken out. But for a while, the incident keeps me going.

6:35 P.M.: Gus writes on the blackboard, "2 miles to go." But distance and time have lost their meaning.

I try to think of words I can call out to Gus, urgent words that will make him understand why I can't swim another foot. Yet all that comes out is the plaintive understatement: "I'm tired."

But I've been tired since the sun, which is now setting on my left, rose on my right. So Gus pays little attention to what I say. "Less than two miles—and you've done it," he calls to me. "Just head straight for that yellow building." He points to a waterfront building that is unmistakably bright gold in the sunset.

Without conscious thought I obey. I start toward the yellow building. It's something to hold on to . . . the yellow building . . . the yellow building . . . the yellow building.

In the point of fact, shortly after 6.30, Marilyn Bell's exhaustion reached the point of unconsciousness. Yet she was to swim, obedient only to her subconscious, for more than an hour more. In her narrative, there is no awareness of elapsed time between her final spurt towards "the yellow building" and her touching the Toronto breakwater.

8:06 P.M.: All I remember is a confusion of lights and sounds. Hands touch me and I struggle to get away, crying, "No, no, you mustn't touch me until I reach the breakwater. You'll disqualify me." Soothing voices tell me, "It's all right—you touched."

I let myself be pulled out of the water, and wrapped in blankets. All around me the sirens of boats are screaming . . . ashore hundreds of thousands of people are shouting . . . overhead rockets seem never to stop exploding into a million stars . . . But all I want to do is sleep.

A Lady Forgets

CLARA BARTON, founder of the American Red Cross, was once reminded of an especially cruel thing that had been done to her years before. But Miss Barton seemed not to recall the incident.

"Don't you remember it?" her friend asked.

"No," Miss Barton replied. "I clearly remember forgetting it." —*Think*

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The Boat With Wings

by PAUL DIXON

MORE THAN 30 YEARS AGO, the scenic serenity of Lake Bras d'Or in Nova Scotia was rudely disturbed by the roaring thunder of a weird looking boat that went skimming over the surface at incredible speeds. The man behind the wheel was a bearded gentleman from Scotland.

His neighbors were slightly amazed, but did not complain. He was an inventor—an amiable sort of crackpot—and that was his right.

The inventor had a theory that you can put a lot of power in a boat, but if too much of it is under water, the hull encounters an immense amount of resistance that cuts down on the efficiency of the power plant, hence less speed. To overcome this handicap with small boats, he had an ingenious scheme.

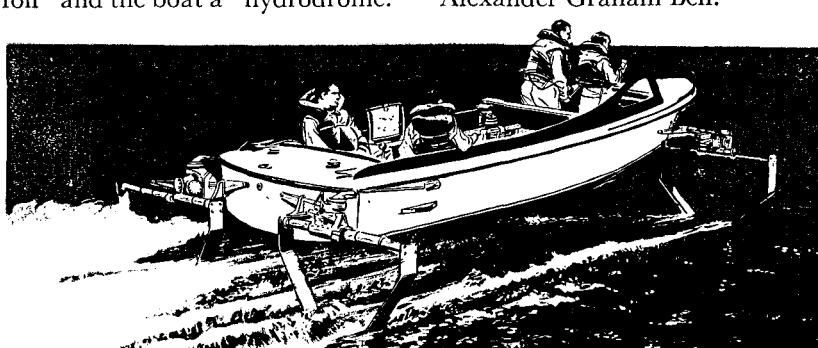
With his assistant, F.W. Baldwin, working out the actual engineering details, the inventor built thin metal wings which he installed in a series of horizontal steps underneath the boat. He called these wings "hydrofoil" and the boat a "hydrodrome."

As the boat picked up speed, the hydrofoils caused more and more of the hull to come out of the water, in much the way an airplane rises in the air as the pilot pulls back on the stick and the wings exert a downward thrust against the air rushing past.

The hydrodrome experiments began just after World War I, and in a couple of years the inventor's fourth boat hit an all-time high of more than 70 miles per hour.

In 1922, however, the experiments came to a halt when the inventor died. His work was all but forgotten. Then, in 1953, the U. S. Navy announced that it was developing small boats along similar lines. Today, the Navy has its own hydrodromes. The speed, of course, is a secret.

But to those who know the history behind the amazing HDs, it is no secret that credit for the principle behind these boats with wings goes to the bearded gentleman who was used to being called a crackpot—Alexander Graham Bell.



Paul Dixon stars on his own show on DuMont Television Network, Mondays through Fridays, 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. EDST.

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Communism's Most Dangerous Enemy

The greatest foe Russia has known is one that challenges her mightiest weapons

by KARL E. MUNDT
U.S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

COMMUNISM'S most dangerous enemy is American youth. Learning the truth about this foreign ideology, our boys and girls, young men and women, are rejecting it.

Educational leaders throughout the U. S. are contributing immeasurably to the ultimate defeat of the Reds by simultaneously exploding the myth of the Soviet Utopia and extolling the American way of life.

Paul Wamsley, principal of Buffalo's Public School No. 51, is a pioneer in this crusade. "We teach Americanism every day in every class," he says. As a result, his pupils are actively anti-Communist. Their school magazine, *The Broadcaster*, prints articles such as this:

"The principles of Americanism are simple and, unlike other 'isms,' are fair to the individual. Every person in the United States, rich or poor, colored or white, is an important person who has the right to speak up for himself. . . . He has the right to choose the leaders he thinks deserve office in our government. All Americans . . . have equal rights, privileges, and responsibilities.

"Americans have the right to assemble and discuss freely any social or political problems without intrusion by the police. Americans can attend any church they choose. They have protection against illegal search and seizure, or loss of their lives, their liberty, or their property. . . . Everyone has the right to petition the government for grievances. . . .

"These are the basic principles of Americanism . . . the priceless heritage of every American citizen."

Acting on my suggestion adopted by the All-American Conference to Combat Communism—an organization which unites the pro-American efforts of some fifty national, patriotic, fraternal and civic groups—Public School No. 51 was instrumental in initiating a city-wide Know Your America Week. President Eisenhower has endorsed it by

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proclamations, and many state governors are following his example.

Wherever presented, it brings together teachers, clergy, labor leaders, businessmen, press and radio, city government officials and others in a tremendous tribute to America. First staged in 1951, it has spread to some 3,000 communities.

In Indianapolis, General Superintendent of Schools H. L. Shibler leads 70,500 elementary and secondary pupils in their study of Americanism. "We may choose the place in which we will work," he tells them. "We may choose to stay on one job or move to another. To be able to choose in this way is important in this world where millions no longer have any choice."

Freedom of choice, Dr. Shibler points out, extends into business because of our economic system. An Indianapolis department store's service center completes 1,500,000 transactions a year, cashes 200,000 checks, sells $6,000 worth of postage stamps a day, sends telegrams, pays utility bills for customers, and answers 14,000,000 telephone inquiries annually for the time of day. It does all this so that people will choose to do business with it.

Pupils in Indianapolis learn through *Indianapolis at Work*, a school publication, that in the U.S., private individuals may publish newspapers, magazines and books. Not even the President, nor Congress, nor the Supreme Court itself can legally keep a person from presenting his views, or compel him to publish those of another.

This freedom of the press even permits publication of Communist periodicals in this country. "We disagree with everything they say," remarks *Indianapolis at Work*, "but if we infringe on their right to say it, we would also be infringing on our right to publish what we believe."

In New York City, the Richmond Hill High School organized a Council to Investigate Communist Propaganda. Under direction of Jack Estrin, social studies chairman, pupils discussed Red propaganda techniques and learned that *name-calling* is a Communist device whereby labels associated with something one is justified in hating are applied to anti-Communists.

The word "warmonger" is an example. Communists call any country which is adequately armed—other than Russia—a warmonger. "Just because the democracies have guns does not mean that they want war," Estrin explains. "They have armies, navies and planes to stop Communist aggression and thereby insure peace."

Card-stacking is another type of Communist propaganda taught to pupils. A Communist will "stack the cards" in his favor by withholding or distorting facts to aid his cause.

He will lie boldly, saying that South Koreans invaded North Korea and will deny that there are forced labor camps in the Soviet Union, and claim that opposing facts cannot be relied upon since they come from the "capitalist press."

Among the schools of higher education, the University of North Carolina is a pioneer in fighting Communism. Its contribution—the Free World Workshop—is the creation of Dr. L. O. Kattsoff and his colleagues, Drs. E. M. Adams and W. H. Poteat.

"Few people," Kattsoff says, "really know what Communism is;

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sadder still, millions of Americans do not understand democracy."

In order to correct this condition, the University in 1951 selected 40 civic-minded teachers, geographically distributed over the State. University President Gordon Gray provided free instruction, dormitory facilities, and $25 to each teacher who attended the week-long sessions where Dr. Clyde Erwin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and other anti-Communists, analyzed fundamental issues involved in the conflict between the American and Russian ways of life.

After a week in the Workshop, the teachers returned to their communities to lead in the struggle against Communism. They continued their own studies that they might become more effective in teaching others the facts about Communism.

The University's opposition to Communism has extended far beyond the Workshop. Drs. Kattsoff, Adams and Poteat have traveled throughout the State, lecturing to groups. Dr. Kattsoff has prepared a booklet, newspaper articles and radio talks on the subject. The University's Communications Center has recorded the talks, which have been broadcast and re-broadcast until millions of people have obtained fundamental facts with which to combat Red ideology.

Evidence of an educators' anti-Communist crusade comes from all over the U. S. "The public," says Lewis Webster Jones, President of Rutgers University, "has a right, through its legally constituted representatives, to inquire into Communist Party membership of individuals." The Association of American Universities has gone on record with a flat statement that Communists, by the nature of their belief, disqualify for university positions.

Likewise, the powerful National Education Association has declared: "Members of the Communist Party should not be employed as teachers . . . Such membership, and the accompanying surrender of intellectual integrity, render an individual unfit to discharge the duties of a teacher."

School people themselves have done this housecleaning. In doing so, they have placed in the path of Communism its most dangerous enemy—anti-Communist youth, destined to rule this country tomorrow.

There are more than 1,000,000 teachers—all but a handful of whom are thoroughly loyal Americans—in the U. S. By their teaching, these professional men and women can defeat Communism.

That is the American teacher's assignment today. If the teachers win, the world is safe for peace, freedom and happiness. But if they lose, then history shall never witness a graver crisis.

Conversation Stopper

SHORTLY AFTER actress Ina Claire was married to screen idol John Gilbert, she was asked: "And how does it feel to be married to a celebrity?"

"I couldn't say," smiled Ina sweetly. "You'll have to ask Mr. Gilbert!"

—HERB CAEN in *San Francisco Examiner*

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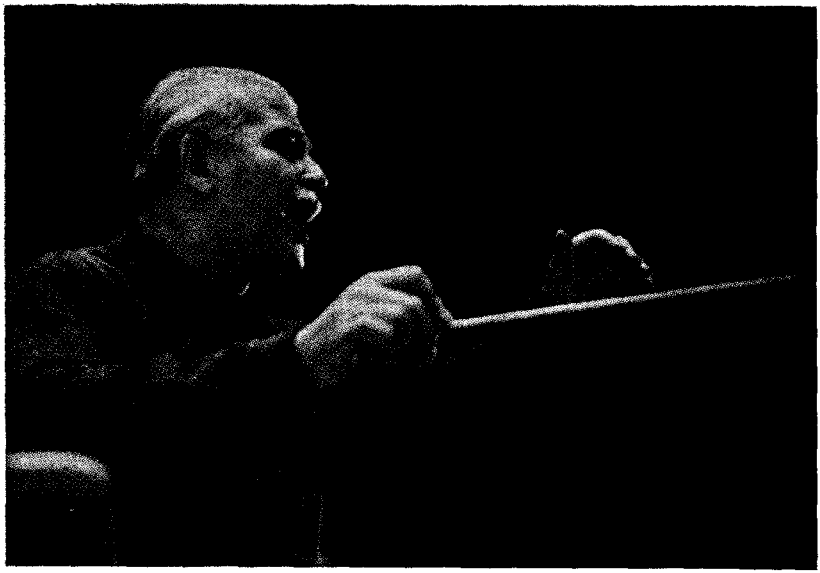

To all music lovers, the leader is as famous as the orchestra he conducts

ARTHUR FIEDLER AND HIS "POPS"

by JOHN GALVIN

EVERY CITY HAS its own private way of telling when spring has arrived. In Boston there is a peculiar institution that has welcomed the vernal season for 70 years.

Spring has really come to the Hub City when the seats have been removed from the floor of the great two-balconied auditorium of Symphony Hall and tables and chairs put in their places; when the walls have been redecorated a light-hearted gold-and-green; when prettily clad waitresses appear among the tables serving beer and wine to the customers; and when an impeccably dressed man with a sprightly step and a lively glint in his eye steps to the podium, bows to the customers and, to the accompaniment of laughter and the popping of champagne corks, leads the orchestra in a rousing rendition of a Sousa march or a Strauss waltz.

The occasion, which comes on the first Tuesday in May, is the opening of the season of the Boston Pops Orchestra; and the man with the baton is Arthur Fiedler, as uniquely a Boston institution as the orchestra he directs.

The Boston Pops, which is comprised of 97 regular members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is one

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of the most widely beloved orchestras in existence. It is neither lowbrow (which it has frequently been called) nor highbrow (which nobody has ever accused it of being). It is an in-between orchestra for in-between tastes, and as such has been called "perhaps the most successful single enterprise in the world of serious music."

THOUGH IT HAS PLAYED somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,800 home stands since it was founded in 1885, its chroniclers claim it has never performed before anything but a full house. Since 1935, when it began recording for RCA Victor, its records (mostly marches, waltzes, light symphonic pieces and show tunes) have sold 8,250,000 single copies and 3,000,000 albums—more than any of its competitors—on Victor's Red Seal list.

In 1953, when Victor toted up its "101 Best Sellers," Fiedler and the Pops were represented by 12 of the 50 classical and semi-classical selections on the list. (Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, the closest rival, had eight.) And the Pops claims the distinction of having turned out an orchestral Red Seal record ("Jalousie") which has passed the almost mythical sales mark of 1,000,000.

When Fiedler took his Boston Pops Tour Orchestra on its first trip, in the winter of 1952-53, he gave 65 concerts in 60 cities in 68 days; and every concert played to standing room only.

Despite the nationwide enthusiasm for the Pops and its product, the institution has remained unique to Boston. Some attribute this to the cultural climate; others to the acoustics of Symphony Hall, which are such that the audience can hear the orchestra perfectly, no matter how much glass-clinking and volubility is going on down on the floor, whereas the orchestra can't hear the audience.

But these explanations leave out what many consider the prime ingredient in the Pops' success formula: Arthur Fiedler.

"An orchestra like the Pops in a town like Boston," an observer said recently, "requires a director able to fit into the fashionable Beacon Hill crowd, because they're the people who run Symphony Hall, and have a real feeling for the rest of the population, because they, for the most part, are the audience."

Fiedler, a handsome man with graying temples and a distinguished-looking white mustache, fills the bill perfectly. Witty, urbane, an immaculate dresser and delightfully informal conversationalist, he is at home in the swankiest of Beacon Hill soirées. And he and his wife entertain in turn in their big, rambling house in fashionable Chestnut Hill.

Ellen Bottomley, whom Fiedler married in 1942, is a former débutante and a member of the Junior League and the staid Vincent Club. They have two girls and a boy, ranging from three to nine years old.

Fiedler is equally in his element among the people who make up the major part of the audience. He is, for instance, very much at home in Fenway Park, where he annually leads the Fire Department Band in our National Anthem on opening day of the Red Sox. And one of the joys of his life is to spend an evening

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at Ida's Italian Restaurant in the North End listening to his old friend, Red Sox general manager Joe Cronin, dip into his bottomless well of tearful Irish ballads.

But there are other facets to the Fiedler personality that go into the special kind of music he plays. For one thing, he is a born showman, and he can instantly spot a tune, or an arrangement, or a publicity trick that will catch the public's eye or ear.

He was, for instance, the first man in the country to play publicly a suite based on radio commercials —a fine publicity stunt and also a pleasant diversion for an audience such as the Pops'. The composition, "Jingles All The Way," by Howard Cable, includes the musical commercials of Dentyne, Adam Hat, Colgate Toothpaste, Richfield Oil, Super Suds, Chiclet, Pepsodent, and the wonderful foghorn voice of Edgar Bergen's famous Mortimer Snerd.

Fiedler's best-selling record to date—"Jalousie" by the Scandinavian composer Jacob Gade—was just another tune that nobody paid any attention to until Fiedler happened on it at a clearance sale in a Boston music store. Picking up the music while standing at the counter, he could instantly see and hear the brilliant opening violin solo and the catchy harmony and tango rhythm; he knew at once it would be a popular success. When Gade was in the United States he made a special trip to Boston in order to thank Fiedler for making his composition famous.

Most conductors regard their audiences with a kind of Olympian aloofness, and any expression of enjoyment by the listeners—unless it comes at the prescribed time and in the prescribed manner—is looked upon as vulgar display.

But not Fiedler. "After all," he says, "you don't wait till a baseball game is over before you start cheering. I realize that this may be rather unconventional in a concert hall, but to me applause and cheering

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is very—shall we say, cheering?"

From all this, it might be gathered that Fiedler is primarily a pop-tune man who just happens to conduct a 97-piece orchestra made up of members of the Boston Symphony during the off-season of serious music. Such is not the case.

His album, "Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music," represents, perhaps better than anything else, his attitude toward the classics and the semi-classics. Simply stated, he is a lover of both, but he is not stuffy about either.

Born in 1894, the son of a violinist for the Boston Symphony (Fiedler likes to point out that "the Fiedlers have been fiddlers for generations"), his musical education started early and was hard and formal. He recalls the sympathy that the other students at Boston Latin had for the little Fiedler boy, who spent his afternoons in the house practicing while they were out playing.

But, as a reward for his assiduous study, his mother would take him off to a vaudeville show at the neighborhood Keith's, and it may have been there that the young Fiedler first discovered what the average audience liked to hear and just how far they could be pushed in the direction of the classics.

When Fiedler was 16 and his family was living temporarily in Europe, he had become so proficient in both the violin and piano that he was one of nine out of 54 applicants admitted to the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin. By 1920, he was one of the busiest members of the Boston Symphony, playing the viola, the celesta, the organ, the piano and some percussion instruments.

Soon afterward, he organized the Boston Sinfonietta, a small group of musicians from the Symphony who played fairly rare and unusual music with what has been described as "uncommon virtuosity."

In 1929, he started what has since become a Boston institution quite as unique as the Symphony Hall concerts of the Pops. This was the Esplanade Concert, open-air performances by the Pops Orchestra on the beautiful Esplanade overlooking the Charles River.

These free concerts are given during the month of July. And though they are not a profit-making venture as is the Pops, they are at least as dear to the heart of Fiedler as they are to that of Boston.

Fiedler was made director of the Pops in 1930, and has held the post ever since, never having missed any of his scheduled performances with either the Pops or the Esplanade Concerts.

He told an interviewer recently: "We don't *always* have to be very serious about music. You can't really enjoy something if there is no fun in it, and to teach people that there is enjoyment in good music you must first show them the fun in it. As long as something musical is first rate of its kind, I will have it heard."

What Fiedler tries to do—and, judging from the results, he does it with eminent success—is to satisfy the need for enjoyment in good music.

THERE ARE no idle rumors. Rumors are always busy.—IRVING HOFFMAN

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Who Took The Fun Out of Fishing?

by ALLEN RANKIN

Modern equipment is turning our most carefree sport into a carefully planned project

REMEMBER WHEN GOING FISHING was a simple and entirely pleasant operation? Remember the good old days before 18,000,000 licensed, modern, "educated" anglers began to make such a hard and complicated job of it?

As a kid I was so ignorant of the art of angling that I thought I could cut a green cane pole, tie on a piece of string and a rusty hook, grub a few worms from under the woodpile—and catch fish.

You didn't get ready to go fishing then, remember? You just "up and went." All you needed was a sudden yen to disappear—from the teacher on school days, and lawn mowing and wood chopping on Saturdays.

Your fishing clothes were what you already had on, a pair of overalls and a sun-straw; your transportation your own bare feet. You simply did a fadeout down the path behind the house, and, after a short march of triumph through the shadows under the trees, you came to the little creek where the eddying water was cool, ever changing and unfathomable. There you were free, your true self, as, with your back against a tree and your toes burrowed in the sand, you watched your cork bob in your secret bream or catfish hole.

My childhood creek is still back there, the same short distance from the house. And doubtless the fish there and elsewhere are still enjoying themselves much as they did 30 years ago. But not I.

Today, I wouldn't think of advancing on a fish—even the smallest bream—without being armed with all the latest paraphernalia of fishing technology. I must go forth burdened with casting rod, spinning rod, fly rod, automatic reels and a suitcase-sized tackle box, full of the latest "miracle lures" and "sure-to-catch-'em" elixirs.

I must have a special fishing wardrobe, including a parka for cold and rain; a long-billed cap and Polaroid glasses for glare; a clip-on, rotating, outside "pocket" for flies; and for fly fishing, a rubber wading

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suit resembling that of a jet pilot.

This last heavy outfit makes drowning quite easy—a fact shrugged off by all of us ardent fly-fishermen who wear it. Several times, after stepping off over my head, I have plunked to the bottom like a stone, and, unable to rise, have had to crawl for my life.

Does anybody casually stroll to his favorite fishing spot these days carrying a pole and a can of bait? No one I know does.

NOT LONG AGO, I took my clutter of fancy tackle and my two young sons on one of the simplest Saturday-afternoon fishing excursions that we "experts" can still enjoy in our neck of the woods.

We spent the first hour looking for a bait shop that had any worms left. (You don't just up-end a log any more to find worms. They come in medicinal-looking containers with the smiling portraits of the worms artily painted on the outside.)

We wasted another half an hour drilling platoons of store-bought crickets into an elaborate "cricket dispenser," a device that forces the insects to "walk the plank" one by one and more or less impale themselves on the waiting hook!

Still another hour was lost as we raced 30 miles to a really good "unfrequented" commercial pond. There we found that not less than 25 other fishermen had beaten us to the place.

But were we ready to start fishing? We were not. The right to fish in the pond had to be bought from the proprietor, a boat rented, a picnic lunch eaten, our deluxe tackle untangled and our lines dressed.

We ended the afternoon's seven-hour fight to fish by actually *fishing* for less than an hour and a half! With approximately $125 worth of fine tackle, and $13.50 worth of bait, gasoline, rented pond and boat, we caught about the same small string of bream I used to catch with no effort at all in my childhood creek!

I'll never forget the coveted, secret wonder of the first good trout hole I discovered as a boy. It was at this mysterious golden pool, shadowed by a fallen log, that I learned one of the greatest thrills in fishing—the hypnotism of watching a cork bob on the surface and of feeling through it, an electric, personal contact with the unknown in the depths.

Did my cork tremble, my heart trembled with it. For the true fisherman's prey, until surfaced and seen, is never a mere fish but always some formidable monster—magnificent, wonderful, other-worldly.

Today, one of the chief concerns with "the unknown" in fishing is to try to keep the rising cost of it unknown to the little wife, and even at times to ourselves, lest we decide we can't afford it after all.

Understand, I have only the "minimum necessities" for up-to-date sporting fishing. For my two sons and me, these include: 3 fly-rods, 2 spinning rods, 2 casting rods, 1 deep-sea rod, and six different varieties of reels, to go on these rods. Still, I am by no means completely equipped.

And do we catch more fish with all this? We might, if we had any time left for fishing. But, unfortunately, one does not catch many fish unless he has his hook in the water; and this hook-in-the-water

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time has been steadily diminishing.

Nobody fishes at home any more. In my own immediate Alabama area, residents along the Coosa River fish in the adjoining Tallapoosa; residents near the Tallapoosa fish in the Coosa. But that's strictly local stuff.

Though the basic rewards are the same no matter where they do it, it is now traditional for blue-water Florida anglers to migrate to Canada to fish, and for the cold-lake, white-water anglers of Canada to flock south to Florida for their thrills. Nowadays, easterners go west for trout; westerners come south for bass.

I once traveled 771 miles to Fort Myers, Florida, to fish with a friend who could lounge in a deck chair on the back porch of his home, lazily toss his lure into the wild-green waters of the Gulf, and haul out giant tarpon and redfish.

My friend got his kicks from traveling the same 771 miles north to fish with me in the Alabama rivers and swamp lakes that he considered "wilder" because they were farther away from home!

In our defense, we sporting fishermen *can* boast that we do it the "correct"—that is, the hard—way. We take pride in the fact that in using our light tackle, it often takes 20 minutes, and plenty of elbow-grease and exhaustion, to land the same size fish that the old-fashioned cane pole hoists aboard in a matter of seconds.

It is often cheaper to lose a fish these days than to land one. A case in point is my friend Dan Brooks, whose pretty, petite wife landed a magnificent sailfish. She gazed on the 10-foot-long, 115-pound, silvery beauty and knew she could never part with it.

"This," she told Dan, "we must have over our mantelpiece."

The boat skipper charged $10 to skin the fish out; a taxidermist $175 to mount it; and the express company $25 to ship it back to Alabama, where it arrived in a crate so much bigger than two pianos that men had to be hired to help unpack it.

So far, so fine. But the trophy proved too big for the Brooks' den. So it hangs in Dan's hardware store—pending such time as he can build a room onto his house big enough to accommodate the fish!

Remember when practically all fish used to taste like just that—fish? Remember when cooking fish was an honest business of frying it to a golden brown in a skillet, or baking it forthrightly with lemon and butter? Recall the days when corn pone and hush-puppies were the most glamorous extras that garnished a fish dish?

Who took the fish-taste out of fish, anyway? The other night, I attended what my hosts, a young couple, euphemistically called a "fish fry." Nervously, I noted there was not an honest skillet in sight, the frying pan having been replaced by a collection of casserole vessels.

With sinking heart, I watched my hosts construct a thing called fillet of bass *au gratin à l'Italienne*. This is to say that, from time to

WHAT MAKES AN FBI AGENT?
by J. Edgar Hoover
The Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation tells how his organization picks and trains the top G-men of the country. In June Coronet.

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time, they soused the fish with glasses of white wine, chili sauce, mushrooms, almonds, grated cheese, etc. The fillet was all right, but all flavor of the bass had been lost somewhere along the way.

Among the sundry other persons and characters who take the joy out of fishing is the Fancy Dan boatman or water-skier who comes roaring up to you under the mistaken impression that you are willing to have your fish frightened for hours, in return for the doubtful pleasure of admiring his new speedboat or the fact that he can stand on one ski.

Then there is the apologetic amateur who has "never fished before," but nevertheless drags out 11 fish while you, the "expert," catch none. Worst of all, he usually does it while your kids are eagerly looking on and wondering why Daddy never learned to fish like that!

The other day, a salesman in a tackle shop actually insisted that I really didn't need and shouldn't buy another of those new lures that catch more fishermen than fish.

"You already have ten kinds of lures for every fish in the state," he told me. "Why don't you just relax, quit fretting and wanting and buying and hurrying for a change? Why don't you stop 'getting ready' and just go on and fish?"

Why don't I? Why don't we all? As old Izaak Walton, the Prince of Anglers, put it:

"We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

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THOSE COPA GIRLS

by Jimmy Durante

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BASCH

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FOR MORE YEARS than he may care to remember, Jimmy Durante has been a bright star of show business. Now he has become an Elder to the ever-changing congregation of show folk, always ready—when he isn't splintering a piano and fracturin' the customers—to give a sympathetic ear and a kindly word to the youngsters coming up. This has been true especially of the chorus girls from the famed Copacabana nightclub in Manhattan, where he plays a date each year. Here, as no one else could, Jimmy tells the intimate story of these girls and the lives they lead —lives quite different from what many of us imagine. —*The Editors*

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THE LADIES AND GENTS who never have stuck their noses into a nightclub, and God must love them 'cause he made so many of them, have got this crazy notion that Copa girls spend much of their time in hoity-toity Fifth Avenue salons (pardon my Gallicisms), lookin' at other beauties modelin' extra vaganzas by some crazy Frenchman named Chris Door. Copa cutie Anne Helm (at left) is takin' a gander at $1,000 worth of Bonwit Teller sequins on a hunk of cloth that's gorgeously draped. Anne looks as if she's ready to take the dress home with her, but she's really thinkin' of her trusty sewing machine back home in her minuscular flat. Anne, in nonfiction, sews most of her own clothes 'cause the good stuff she needs draped around her pretty little shoulders costs too much dough. She spends a lot of her afternoons sewin' like she was born with a needle in her mitt.

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IN MOST PEOPLE'S MINDS, the penthouse is the natural nest for all Copa fledglin's. Ann-Marie Light is livin' it up in a lazy sort of way at some posh joint overlookin' the East River. She's got all the standard props everyone thinks has gotta go with a Copa Curver: thick carpets, luxury loungin', bon-bons and those high fashion magazines like Hedda Hopper's Bazaar. Ann's supposed to be talkin' to one of her zillion boy friends, I guess. But Ann's too loaded with work and school to spend too much time romancin' on the phone, and the only penthouses she sees are in the movies. This Copa glamor puss is a young kid in bobby sox durin' the day, goin' to Hunter college in New York to study art and what makes those bearded artists tick. She lives with her parents in nearby Queens.

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EVEN MR. ROLLS AND MR. ROYCE are tryin' to get in the act. Now doesn't every Copa girl have a big limousine with driver to match? Alisan Raney is a workin' girl, just like millions of other fair pretties, and how many of your workin' female friends sport Rolls-Royces? To Alisan, the New York subway is as familiar as the Copa dressin' room. She looks like the original lonesome gal, waitin' to board the train all alone at 3 A.M. in the morning after the last Copa show. The Stage Door Johnnies have got to get their eight-hour beauty sleep, so poor Alisan is ready to board the Seventh Ave. local and thinkin' maybe she could have afforded that taxi after all. Maybe when Alisan gets to be a big-time dancer, her life's ambition, she'll be able to afford a car, a plain American one.

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THE LIGHTS ARE LOW, the music is soft at El Morocco, a club that's so swank I've never even been there. Everyone is positive that Copa girls, like lovely Marianne Olsen, are seen there so often with some guy from high society or some big celebrity, their mail is practically delivered there. A Copa girl is supposed to be as familiar with every posh joint in town as Elsie Schmidnapper of Podunk is with her local movie. Marianne's friends wonder why Marianne is such a terrific ice-skater. Answer is very simple. A lotta times Marianne's only date is down at the Iceland skatin' rink with some of the other Copa girls. Marianne gets a much bigger boot out of her frequent trips to the skatin' rink than she does from her few excursions to a swank club. The air's much healthier at the rink.

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THAT BLONDE BEAUTY from the Copa line, Jean Stevens, is partakin' of her daily dish of crepe suzzetes (I don't guarantee no spellin' of un-American words) at that very chick-chick New York restaurant, the Colony. Every Copa girl is generally considered to be a judge of high-class foods and drinks, 'cause they're always eatin' at the best spots west of Paris. They must be eatin' at the choice drugstores west of Paris, Illinois, because I asked a few Copa girls to translate crepe suzzetes for me and they said they dunno. Jean Stevens is gettin' hitched soon to the guy in the picture at bottom, and their respective budgets allow them to make a big splurge on an ice-cream soda at the local fountain once a week. But Jean is a terrific singer and she'll probably start eatin' all those fancy French foods when she records her millionth record.

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VIVIAN MARLOWE is doin' the same messy work as millions of other women do every mornin'—cleanin' away breakfast and washin' dishes before she's fully awake. Vivian's got a one-room apartment which she shares with another Copa girl and they split the housework. No maids, no cooks, no butlers to buttle. Vivian is tryin' to remember the lines from a play which she's rehearsin' in some neighborhood theater. She wants to be an actress, and to be a good actress, you gotta work hard. Over on the right, there's a typical misconnection of a Copa girl's life. Breakfast in bed while the maid wants to know who is this gentleman that's callin'. And Miss Marlowe cannot be disturbed. She hasn't finished her cigarette or her caviar and crumpets. Vivian only wishes it were true!

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DONNA WILLIAMS must be playin' twin sisters to Cinderella. All dolled up, with the original Prince Charmin', sittin' at the Metropolitan Opera up in the Partierre Boxes. And don't ask for no translatin'—I got the name off her ticket. But Donna's got to scoot back to her two-room palace on West 49th Street at 12 midnight. She hasn't done her dinner dishes yet. Donna, top picture, is in the home ball park. No distinguished Prince Charmin's, except the feller down the street who's just got enough dough for a double-feature. Donna at the Met looks like what everyone considers a Copa girl to be: dressed in a gorgeous gown, a fur piece that cuddles around her luscious shoulders and around some guy's wallet. But Donna's much more used to sweater and skirt. Her boy friend wouldn't even recognize Donna in her Met Opera outfit. Neither would the other Copa girls or Donna herself.

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MINA VAUGHN buys groceries almost every day, but most honest citizens are positive Mina is more familiar with the joolery prices at a ritzy establishment like Cartiers than the prices at the local grocery store. There's a $150,000 necklace in the joolery store picture, but Mina can afford that as easily as buying the Copacabana from owner Jules Podell. Copa girls don't have much free time, with their work, practice, rehearsals, lessons, etc. They make 100 bucks a week, which don't go very far these days, especially when you live in a high-priced town like New York, and these kids have to look their best. These are the Copa girls—leadin' normal, healthy lives with very little high-priced glamor. The high-voltage life that these youngsters are supposed to lead exists only in stories and people's heads.

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What Kids Have Taught Me

by WILLIE MAYS
As told to CHARLES EINSTEIN

A baseball hero tells how he feels about his young admirers

GET ME TALKING ABOUT KIDS, and you've got me talking about one of my two favorite subjects. Baseball is the other, and if you think they've got a lot to do with each other—mister, you're right!

That's because kids have never let me forget something they know that a lot of grown-ups don't think about. And that's just that baseball is a game, and games should be fun.

Sure, grown men make their living out of baseball. But I always think of a time, early in June, 1951, which must have been my unhappiest period in the major leagues.

About a week before, I'd come up to the New York Giants from the Minneapolis team of the American Association. I came up worried. I didn't think I could hit major-league pitching. I even told Giant manager Leo Durocher that, when he phoned me in Minneapolis.

He kind of snorted and said, "What are you hitting for Minneapolis?"

I told him what I was hitting. It must have sounded funny, me being

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worried, because at that time, in the American Association, I was hitting .477.

"Well," Leo said, "if you can hit .250 for me, get up here."

So I came up to the Giants, along with a lot of fanfare in the New York papers, which didn't help any. For one thing, I knew all about how those papers had beat the drums in the past for "dream" ballplayers who wound up picking splinters off a bench. And for another thing—and this was even more uncomfortable for me—the Giants had been regarded as a pennant contender, but they'd gotten off to a terrible start, losing one, then winning one, then losing eleven straight. So the papers wrote about me like I was going to fix everything.

WELL, BY THIS JUNE DAY, I'd got to bat 26 times in big league competition—and I had exactly one hit to show for it. The fellow who'd been hitting .477 for Minneapolis was hitting .038 for the Giants!

I'd already been to Leo Durocher and asked him to send me back to Minneapolis, but he wouldn't hear of it. Then, before a game in Pittsburgh, I was by the dugout railing, signing autographs for some kids. As I walked away, I heard one kid say to another, "Boy, wouldn't you like to be him?"

"I'm going to be a big league baseball player when *I* grow up," the other said.

I kept thinking about what they said. Here I was, hitting .038, and these kids thought I was lucky! Why? Because they knew the truth of it—baseball is fun!

Before the game against Pittsburgh was over, I got a single and a triple. We beat the Pirates 14 to 3.

Against the St. Louis Cardinals, I got two doubles and scored the only run, as we won, 1 to 0. In one game against Cincinnati, I homered. In another, I batted in three runs.

After getting one hit for 26 times at bat, I got nine out of my next 24—from an .038 clip to a .274 pace!

Don't tell me kids don't know what it's all about. . . .

One night early last year, after a daytime game at the Polo Grounds, it was still light when I got back to the apartment where I live on St. Nicholas Place in New York. A bunch of kids were out in the street playing stickball.

"Hey, Willie!" one of them called. "We'll give you a game!"

I don't know if you have ever played stickball. It's a city-streets game, where the ball is a little hard-rubber one like a handball and all you've got for a bat is a broom handle. Home plate is generally a manhole cover (or sewers, as we call them), and the bases are the fenders of parked cars.

I went up there and grabbed that broom handle and yelled to the pitcher, a 16-year-old named Joe. "All right, let's see it!"

Joe bounced the ball in, but I still haven't seen it. I swung and missed.

A little kid called Skipper, who was playing outfield, hollered out, "That's all, Willie!"

"I still got two strikes coming," I yelled back.

"One strike is out in this game," he informed me. "Even a foul."

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "Get back there where you were. Throw me that ball just one more time!"

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Well, I hit the next pitch for three sewers, which is a good swat, and those kids were nice enough guys to let me take batting practice with them for an hour or more, till Mrs. Goosby, my landlady, hollered that supper was ready.

Believe me, it's no mistake that a good number of fine ball-players have come off the city streets. Hitting that little ball with that skinny stick—with no second chance if you miss or even foul—isn't going to hurt your batting eye.

I got to playing stickball regularly, there on St. Nicholas Place. Once, I was going to some affair with manager Durocher, and he drove up in his car to get me. I was in the middle of a stickball game.

"Hey, Willie!" one of the kids yelled. "Your chauffeur is here."

"Okay," I said, and got in the car. Then I told Leo, "On, James. And don't spare the 'osses!"

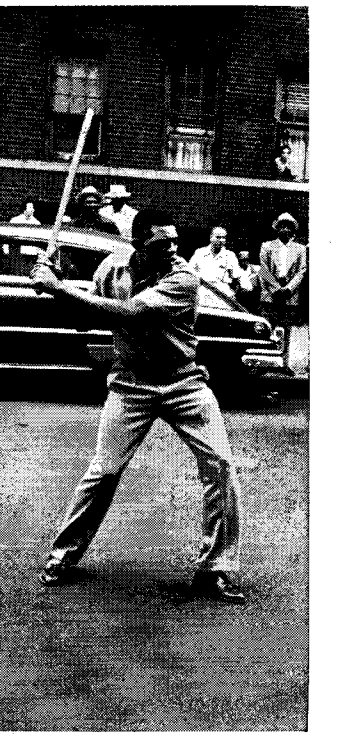
Another time, a magazine sent a camera crew out to shoot pictures of me playing stickball. Some of the magazine fellows started talking to the kids, and one little guy, about eight years old, told them very seriously, "Willie's all right. He doesn't have a swelled head. He buys us sodas after the games."

"Do you learn much from him?" the man from the magazine asked.

"Works both ways," the kid said. "He shows me how to throw. I show him how to hit."

Leaving for the ball park in the morning, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, I'd see kids throwing balls back and forth and chasing them and throwing some more. They never give up. They know they have to keep practicing all the time. But the big thing these kids know is, *learning* can be fun, too.

All I'm doing is borrowing a leaf out of their book when I take infield practice while it's the other guy's turn to hit, during the pregame warmup. Most outfielders shag fungo flies and make their routine throws in fielding practice, and that's it. Me, I want to field those ground balls. You get ground balls in the outfield—matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if over a season you get more balls on the bounce than on the fly—and the only reason I can come in and charge a ground ball, instead of going down



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on one knee and waiting for it, is that infield practice.

Something else, too, you can learn from kids is how to get along with people. They understand you, and they accept you as an equal. We went to Hempstead, Long Island, last summer to do some photography work, and there was a camera crew that came along, and one of the cameramen had brought his kid. The kid didn't say much. But when we got there, he pulled me over to one side and showed me he had a ball and glove in the back of the car.

Well, next thing you know, we're having a pretty good catch, and here comes the camera director, hollering blue murder.

"Listen," he said, "we're all set up. This is important."

"This is important, too," I told him. And of course it was, because kids are the most important thing we have. I hear tell that the way a kid is brought up means everything. That's probably right, but it doesn't tell the whole story. What's also true is that *kids make the parents.* A kid says to his folks, "Willie says do this," or "Willie says do that"—and mister, you'd be surprised!

I get a lot of mail. Most of it is from kids. I answer as much of it as I possibly can—personally myself. You can tell the big difference between a kid and a grown-up writing to you, because the mail from the grown-ups comes in big especially when you're going good.

The kids, though, they don't have problems. *You're* their problem. They write from all over. It's when you hit a slump that the mail from kids really picks up.

"Hang on there," they tell you. "You can do it."

Sometimes they really get down to cases. "Lay off that first pitch," one 14-year-old wrote me.

As often as I can, I get away for a trip back home to Fairfield, Alabama, a little steel town about 13 miles outside of Birmingham. No fanfare or brass bands on these trips. I go there to see my family.

I have ten half-brothers and sisters, and when my mother died, I felt that made me in a way kind of the father, and my oldest sister, Anna Pearl, the mother. Part of my salary gets sent down there regularly, and any chance I get to bring along some bats or balls, I take that, too.

Mainly, though, it's that I like to get to see the kids—"my" kids. Like kids everywhere, they're special.

Maybe the most special of all are the ones who've got real trouble. I've seen them too.

I've visited in a lot of hospital wards where the kids were, and it's something you don't forget. I remember especially the polio ward in a hospital in Rochester. Some of those kids were really bad off, but we got to talking and laughing about this and that, and I told them some things about baseball.

There was one kid in real bad shape, and I said to him, "You know something? You're going to get well. You can't be very sick if you can laugh like that."

He just nodded his head, like this was something he knew right along. Afterwards, one of the doctors at the hospital told me, "Willie, you're good medicine for kids."

"Kids are good medicine for me," I said in reply.

"Yes," he said, "you can learn some things from kids."

Me—I'm just beginning to learn.

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OH MALE! OH FEMALE!

WITH THE NEW hair style—from the back, you can't tell if it's a man who needs a haircut or a woman who's had one. —BO MCLEOD in *Hudson Newsletter*

IF A MAN WANTS his wife to pay attention to what he says, he addresses his remarks to another woman. —*Round Table*

NOTHING CHANGES the line of a man's thought quicker than spading up fishing worms while digging in the garden. —*Floyd County Times*, Prestonsburg, Ky.

THE OLDEST PLASTIC in the world is a love-stricken boy in the hands of a girl. —*Cracklings*

A MAN IS NOT necessarily a gentleman just *because* he prefers blondes. —*The Hart County News*, Munfordville, Ky.

THE ONLY TIME some men won't pass the buck is when there is a collection. —*Lion*

ONE ADVANTAGE of being a man is that you don't run the risk of catching a cold in evening clothes. —O. A. BATTISTA

HALF THE WOMEN in the world are unhappy because they can't have some of the things that are making the other half unhappy. —*Pipe Dreams*

A SUCCESSFUL man is usually an average man who either had a chance, or took a chance. —*Alexander Animator*

IT'S A WOMAN'S privilege to change his mind. —HENRY W. PLATT

WHEN A MAN and woman marry, they become one. Of course, they must decide *which* one, and that is often where the storm starts. —PIERCE HARRIS, *Spiritual Revolution* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

A PSYCHIATRIST gets paid for asking a man the same questions his wife asks for nothing. —*Wooden Barrel*

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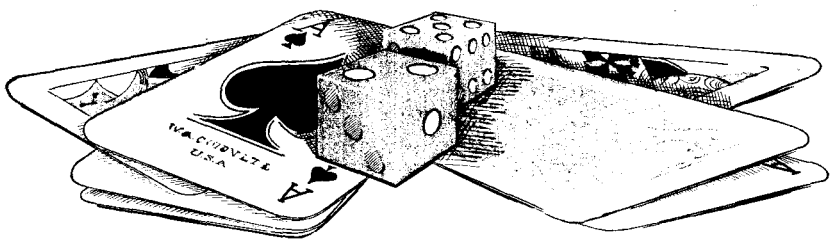
This amusing game, based on actual experiments, will help you discover your sixth sense

Tests Your Psychic Powers



by LYDIA STRONG

ARE YOU PSYCHIC? If you've ever dreamed of an event before it happened, if you've had a hunch come true or have seemed to read someone's mind, you have probably asked yourself this question. Of course, it may have been an accident, but . . . Lincoln dreamed of his assassination, while Mark Twain, in an agonizing, detailed dream, foresaw his younger brother's death in a steamboat fire.

Experiments in great universities here and abroad have convinced many scientists that "psi phenomena"—happenings which cannot be explained by known scientific laws—are real. Objective tests seem to prove the existence of telepathy, the ability to read minds; clairvoyance, the ability to perceive things that are hidden to the senses; and psychokinesis, the ability to influence objects merely by an act of will.

Psychologists believe each one of us has some measure of psychic ability, even though it may be undeveloped or inhibited. Psi-Q is an amusing game, but it is also a set of experiments based on laboratory work at such research centers as Duke University, Harvard and City College of New York. With it you can test for yourself your psychic abilities, and those of your family and friends.

YOUR CARD PSI-Q

MAKE UP YOUR Psi-Q deck from a pinochle or canasta deck, using only five Aces, five Kings, five Queens, five Jacks and five Tens. This gives you a deck of 25 cards—five sets of five cards each.

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In calling the cards, disregard the suits, calling only Ace, King, Queen, Jack or Ten.

Shuffle and cut the deck.

The Game for Two Players (Telepathy)

1. Choose one person to act as *sender*, the other to be *receiver* for the first run through the deck. Then the sender becomes receiver and the receiver becomes sender. Continue alternating for each run.

2. Receiver sits with his back to sender. Sender places the deck face down on a table. He picks up a card, looks at it and concentrates for a moment; then he signals by tapping a pencil on the table. The receiver calls what he thinks the card is.

If the call is correct, the sender makes a single stroke in the *Hit* column of the Individual Score Sheet (see page 99). If it is incorrect, he makes a stroke in the *Miss* column.

Then he picks up the next card and signals again. At no time during the run does he indicate whether a call was a hit or a miss.

3. At the end of the run, the sender totals the hits and records them on the Game Score Sheet (page 99). The deck is again shuffled and cut.

4. Receiver and sender change places. Continue (2) and (3) above until each player has completed four runs.

5. Player scoring most hits wins.

The Game for Three, Four or Five Players (Telepathy)

1. The players sit in a circle. The cards are dealt face up until one player receives a pair. He becomes the first sender, and will send one run to each of the other players, starting with the player at his left and continuing clockwise around the circle. The player who is receiving turns his back to the sender. The deck is shuffled.

2. and 3. Same as sections 2 and 3 in game for two players.

4. When each player except the sender has had one run through the deck, the player on the sender's left becomes the new sender, and play proceeds as before, until each player has made four runs through the deck. Players not sending or receiving may watch the cards but may not indicate whether the call was right or wrong.

In the last round of the game with four players, everyone but the first sender will have had four runs. Therefore, he will become the only receiver for that round. Games with three or five players come out even.

5. Player scoring most hits wins.

Psi-Q Solitaire (Clairvoyance)

1. Shuffle and cut the deck and place it in front of you, face down.

2. Pick up the top card, still face down. Write what you think it is in the *Call* column of the Solitaire Score Sheet (page 99). Place it face down beside the deck. Go through the entire deck in this way.

3. Turn the deck over and check your calls with the cards. Write down the actual cards in the *Card* column of the Game Score Sheet. Place a check mark beside each hit.

4. Make four runs through the deck, shuffling and cutting each time. Total your hits for each run and then for all four runs.

(Continued on page 98)

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JUDGING YOUR CARD PSI-Q

Just by chance, without having any special psi ability, you should average five correct calls per run of 25 cards, or 20 correct calls for a series of four runs. This table will give you an indication of your card Psi-Q.

Score for Four Runs

BELOW CHANCE—19 or less
CHANCE—20
ABOVE CHANCE:
Interesting—21-28
Good—29-32
Excellent—33 and up

Caution: don't get excited over a single good score or disappointed over a bad one. At Duke University's Parapsychology Laboratory, subjects are tested for 100 runs of the deck.

YOUR DICE PSI-Q

(Psychokinetic Ability)

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, gamblers have believed they could influence the fall of dice. Controlled scientific experiments indicate that they might be right!

1. Use a pair of standard dice, each having six faces numbered by dots from one to six. Players sit in a circle. Any number can play.

2. Decide the first player and the scorer by rolls of the dice. The person throwing highest becomes the first player; the person throwing lowest becomes the scorer throughout the game of three rounds.

3. The first player has the privilege of choosing a number from two to twelve. This remains the target throughout the game.

4. The first player throws the dice from a cup 12 times. The scorer records on the Psi-Q Dice Score (page 99) how many times he hits the target.

5. The dice pass to the next player, continuing clockwise around the circle, including the scorer, for three complete rounds.

6. The player with most hits wins the game.

JUDGING YOUR DICE PSI-Q

Score for Three Runs

TARGET	CHANCE EXPECTATION	ABOVE CHANCE
2	1	2 or more
3	2	3 or more
4	3	4 or more
5	4	5 or more
6	5	6 or more
7	6	7 or more
8	5	6 or more
9	4	5 or more
10	3	4 or more
11	2	3 or more
12	1	2 or more

MODEL SCORE SHEETS FOR PSI-Q

Individual Score Sheet

	Hit	Miss
1		
2		
↓		
25		

Solitaire Score Sheet

Call	Card	Call	Card
1		13	
2		14	
↓		↓	
12		25	

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Game Score Sheet

PLAYER	1st run	2nd run	3d run	4th run	TOTAL

Psi-Q Dice Score

PLAYER	1st run	2nd run	3d run	TARGET___ TOTAL

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR PSI-Q SCORE

IF IT IS TRUE, as psychic investigators believe, that all of us have psychic ability, your success at Psi-Q depends mainly on how highly you have developed your own powers, whether or not you believe in them, whether you want to prove that you have or do not have them.

These factors take a bit of digging, but you can reach them if you try. Meanwhile, here are three easy ways that will help to improve your score.

1. Relax. Tense concentration hurts your score. Sit back and let the answers come to you.

2. Play in a comfortable, quiet room without interruption from outside.

3. Play with friends—people whom you like and who like you.

How It Began

WHEN A ROMAN ordered a marble statue, so the story goes, he put into the contract the words 'sine cera' (without wax), since certain dishonest Greek sculptors had a trick of filling in the flaws in a statue with wax that looked like marble. From these two words we get our English word "sincere."

When we sign a letter "Yours sincerely," therefore, we really mean "Yours without wax." —WILBERT A. LACHINE in the *Victorian*

IN THE EARLY DAYS of the English universities, the commoners among the students took to imitating slavishly the dress and behavior of those of noble rank. This proved most confusing to University officials. In order to determine quickly which students rightfully owned titles and which did not, they placed on the official roster, after the names of commoners, the notation: "*s nob*," the abbreviation for the Latin term *sine nobilitate*, meaning "without noble blood." And from this, so the story goes, is derived our term "snob." —FRANCES RODMAN

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A Pain in the Neck

by NOAH D. FABRICANT, M.D.

There are many causes and cures for headaches and stiffness of muscles

BACK IN THE DAYS when man rightfully carried the tag "primitive," he was constantly beset by ferocious animals, by hunger, storms and terrifying physical dangers. His first defenses were his nose, eyes and ears. By lifting the face—actually "heads up"—primitive man strained to meet his enemies with most of his senses.

In modern society, physical dangers are largely supplanted by abstract dangers. Yet, many of us still react in the primitive manner and face "danger" with the face held high and the neck muscles tense and contracted. Small wonder, then, that "a pain in the neck" has become an epithet.

Pain and "tightness" in the back of the head are frequent complaints. The sensations are described as a band, a weight, a cramp, a pressure, and so on. Tenderness of the neck muscles is commonly associated with these complaints and is most intense in the upper part of the neck and along the top of the shoulders.

Many people have rigid neck muscles and never suffer from headaches. Others acquire a severe headache on the slightest exertion. The daily work of some people causes an accumulation of pain-producing substances in the muscles of the neck and back. These people frequently have an increase of pain in the late morning, finally relieved by the evening meal.

A person forced to hold the head rigidly in one position, as a result of occupation, may get a headache. Bookkeepers, typists, proofreaders and dressmakers are especially susceptible. Fortunately, this type of head discomfort hardly ever awakens the sufferer at night.

A type of head and neck pain known to sufferers for generations under one alias or another is currently spoken of in medical circles as "indurative" or "myalgic." In this condition, the doctor can discover tender spots in the muscles, even little lumps or knots, for which his word is nodules. Pain results from the nodular condition of the muscles.

Many people subject to neck pains are sensitive to drafts and

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colds. For example, during a cold spell, a 40-year-old accountant noticed neck stiffness on awakening each morning. Relief was obtained by sleeping in a warm room and by wearing a turtle-neck sweater.

Generally, such people find it impossible to be outdoors without a head covering, cannot sleep in drafty or air-conditioned rooms or trains, or ride in automobiles with the windows open. Chilling of the body or feet, even though the head and neck are fully protected, often produces an attack. Headache may follow shampooing of the hair, especially if an electric dryer is used.

The patient rarely relates his headache to the true cause—spasm in the neck muscles. The pain may be so slight as to be hardly noticeable, or so severe as to be almost unbearable. Pain may begin at any time of day or night; it frequently comes on during the night as a result of an unaccustomed sleeping posture.

Treatment for rigid muscles consists essentially of heat and massage. In chronic conditions, it may be necessary to employ other forms of therapy, including stretching exercises, counter traction through weights and pulleys, bed rest, immobilization of the neck by means of a collar, aspirin, or the injection of a local anesthetic into the involved muscles.

Injuries to the neck are common, but most people are inclined to forget them unless pain and stiffness persist. Months or years after an injury, soreness or stiffness of the neck may be the first sign of trouble. This is especially true if the four upper vertebrae are involved.

The vertebrae are always to be suspected when a position maintained for a long period, or movements of the head, bring on or aggravate head pains. For example, poor sleeping posture may produce pain sufficient to awaken the sleeper; flexing the neck while typing, knitting, sewing, reading or writing may initiate an attack; and the same possibility is present when a car driver strains to see over the steering wheel. X-rays will usually disclose the causative factors.

If pains in the head or neck develop while reading, the book should be held at eye level. Raising the auto seat or sitting on a pillow will often diminish the strain of driving. Changing the sleeping posture can accomplish much in relieving discomfort.

Arthritis is probably the oldest chronic disease from which mankind suffers. Among middle-aged and older groups, pain in the head, neck or shoulder, aggravated by stretching, straining, sneezing or coughing, is often due to arthritis of the neck vertebrae. Some doctors assert that about one-third of all early-morning headaches attacking the lower part of the back of the head in middle and advanced ages are caused by spinal arthritis.

Pain from arthritis of the neck vertebrae almost invariably begins in the lower part of the back of the head and, as it increases in severity, tends to spread to the temples. It usually recurs every three or four days and finally progresses to a point where long sieges of constant pain become entrenched.

Muscle stiffness, tenderness and soreness at the base of the skull are additional complaints. Although stretching of the neck aggravates

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pain, bending the head backward and stroking the neck often give relief. X-rays of the cervical spine are helpful to an examining physician in confirming a diagnosis.

Successful treatment depends on the promptness and vigor with which it is instituted. In view of the absence of specific therapy, doctors endeavor to increase a patient's resistance and put him in the best possible health. Most arthritis patients suffer from fatigue; a few days in bed permit reserve energies to be assembled. Actually, arthritis authorities consider rest the keynote of successful treatment.

Chronic arthritis is a disease rarely cured by any single measure, least of all by any single drug. A great deal of damage is done by quacks, who pretend to be able to cure arthritis by some simple drug or combination of drugs.

For control of pain, there is no drug that stands up as well month after month as aspirin. Nor should the effect of alcohol be minimized. A small drink of whisky will frequently brighten the end of the day and give relief from pain to the worn-out arthritic sufferer.

Physical therapy in the form of heat and massage increases circulation in the affected joints and preserves the muscle tone as far as possible. Nearly all arthritis sufferers find comfort in heat applied to the affected parts. When it is accompanied by massage, the results are sometimes most heartening.

Heat can be applied at home directly to the neck. Heat is heat, whether it is obtained from an electric bulb, a reflector or an infra-red lamp. On the other hand, massage can be given properly only by a trained masseur or technician.

Above all, forced motion of the neck is to be avoided. Light rubbing can be carried out advantageously by most people, however, particularly after they have had instruction by a competent masseur.

Merry-Go-Round

STOPPING TO WATCH the carousel at a carnival, a man's attention was drawn to an unhappy looking little fellow clutching the mane of one of the wooden horses as it went around and around. But the oddest part of the thing was that when the machine slowed to a stop, the man made no attempt to get off. The watcher, fascinated, stood there for 20 minutes or so—and the sad one continued to ride. Finally, curiosity got the better of the watcher, so he walked over to the man and said, "Excuse me, sir, but do you really like to keep riding that thing?"

The little man shook his head emphatically.

"Then why in the world do you stay on it?"

"Because the fellow who owns the merry-go-round owes me five bucks and this is the only way I can collect it!"

It was told as a joke and it is, we suppose, rather amusing. But isn't it really just one of the pitiable—and frequently-met-with quirks of many of us? We're so set on getting our money's worth, so determined not to get gypped, that we'll make ourselves suffer rather than relinquish what we consider to be our just due. —*Wall Street Journal*

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Her radiant spirit cast a spell over a hapless man and taught him the miracle of love

My Stepmother

by CYRUS J. FORESTER

TO LOOK AT LILY, you would never suspect that she is a sorceress. Lily is my stepmother, the widow of my late father. As befits a widow-lady of 67, she is comfortably upholstered, piles up her graying hair in a serenely unfashionable topknot and is so chatty and so disarming that everyone from her banker to her milkman calls her "Aunt Lily."

Hardly the type, you will admit, to manipulate occult forces, cast a spell over a hapless man, or hide within her capacious bosom secret forms of higher knowledge.

Yet Lily did just that. I saw her work her magic on a querulous, crotchety old man and transform him almost into a youth, exalted by the mystery of each day's new experiences, radiant with rediscovered feelings. You can give a name to Lily's magic, though it hardly explains what she does or how she does it. The name is love.

Lily knows how to love the world and its people, and the giving of this gift is as easy to her as breathing. The reason it so fascinates me is that the old man she worked her wiles on was my own father; I saw her make him young again and give him a second chance at life.

I never understood my father or guessed at his inner sorrows until I had become a grown man. When I was a boy, I vaguely felt that there was something about our household different from the others along the quiet, tree-shaded streets of our part of Hartford. For one thing, my Dad never took a vacation; he hardly even spent time at home on weekends.

Partly, the peculiar demands of his photo portrait business were to blame; still, Dad sat in the office even when there was nothing much doing and busied himself with ledgers and unnecessary retouchings of negatives. Something that I didn't know about made him like the office better than his home.

As I grew into my teens, I be-

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Like daring teen-agers, they met at strange corners and went for long rides down rambling country roads ....

came aware of how old my parents were. Not old in years but old in behavior: good, gray, dusty. It was inconceivable that a parent could feel excitement or frustration or passion, or even a momentary wave of feeling for a stretch of beach, a favorite poem or a green seedling in the garden. A parent was concerned with business, with food, with household problems, and that was all.

Other boys' parents puttered in the garden side by side, or took the family out on picnics. Other fathers built things in the cellar with their sons, and at Christmastime could hardly leave the electric trains alone. Other mothers preened themselves, were frankly vain when they managed to fix themselves up nicely and glowed with pride if their children thought them pretty.

Such things were out of place and unknown in our home; in place of zestful living and exciting experiences, my parents seemed to desire peace and quiet. Our home was neat and orderly; our meals were good but Mother was upset if they didn't start on time; we always went to the seashore in summer, but more for our health than for fun.

Who can ever understand the human beings who happen to be his parents? I can barely guess at the secrets that lay behind the mood of our home. In the family album you can see my sweet-looking mother at 21, looking like an elegant Gibson girl; but, unlike the Gibson girl, there is a prim expression about her mouth. She kept that expression all her life.

Like her, millions of Victorian girls came to marriage with their emotions and desires as laced and stayed as their waists; but many of them found release and healthful growth in their married life. Apparently, Mother never did.

Perhaps Dad didn't know how to unfreeze her, or even himself. In the same album, he appears as a thin, severe-looking young businessman with a dark moustache and a pair of pince-nez. What can I tell, looking at him? Was he too restrained, too uneasy at telling how his soul felt? Was he too clumsy, too impatient, too convinced that a husband should be more boss than lover and friend? I'll never know.

The net result was a marriage of two people who remained utterly loyal to each other, were devoted to the welfare of their home and family, and fond of each other, but seldom able to show it or cast off the invisible shackles. And where love of each other was frozen and withheld, so too was love of the great outer world and all its people and good things.

In 1944, I was huddled in a command post dugout near the Ardennes forest when a telegram came, telling me my mother had died. Later, letters followed saying that Dad had given up the house and moved in with my brother and his wife and baby. A year later, when I was shipped home, it was there that I saw Dad again for the first time in three years.

I was shocked; the changes were

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alarming. He was 69, and suddenly seemed all of that, although for thirty years he had walked and talked briskly and businesslike. Now he was cranky, grumbling and fatigued; he dozed in a chair. Full of an old man's quirks, he was forgetful, complaining and hard of hearing; he never went out at night, avoided old friends and often spoke of himself as being useless, unwanted.

Then, one day, Lily dropped in to see him at the studio. She was then 61, and still a crack insurance saleswoman—one of the few in all Connecticut. Dad had bought some policies from her years before, and now she had a few minor matters to take up. Lily told him she had recently lost her own husband and was slowly training herself to adjust to her loneliness and to keep active and busy. Dad perked up and began to speak of his own feeling of pointlessness and homelessness.

Lily listened—*really* listened. Her willingness to let him speak of his problems, and not try to get him onto something else, made Dad unburden himself. Then they talked of other things—the kinds of things single people couldn't do, the places that weren't fun to go to alone.

A notion flitted through Dad's mind, but he kept banishing it until she rose to leave. Then he blurted it out. "Say," he said, "maybe I'll call you up sometime soon and come around—"

"Look out now," Lily kidded him, "don't go and do that." Dad looked hurt. "Well, after all," she hurried on, "my husband has been dead only four months. You wouldn't want people to think I could forget so quickly. But I do like the fact that you asked, anyway."

Dad beamed with pleasure. And he did phone her a week later, but sweetly she still refused to let him call or take her out. So he kept phoning her again and again. Months later, she finally agreed to spend an evening with him.

"But don't come to my apartment," she said. "They're awfully nosey here, and I don't want anyone to think I'm starting to run around—even if I am." Lily thought up a scheme—Dad would drive to a certain street corner in West Hartford, and Lily, having parked her own car nearby, would pop in and ride off with him. It sounded positively conspiratorial.

"Where to?" Dad asked when she slid into his car.

"Out of town," said Lily. "I was married more than thirty years and so were you. Let's not give gossips something to talk about. I know a lot of nice places for dinner over in Litchfield County."

AND THAT'S THE WAY it was for a while—clandestine, private—and maybe a bit more exciting just because of that. Lily and Dad went out together every week, but he never picked her up at home or took her to downtown Hartford. Like teen-agers whose parents have forbidden them to see each other, they met secretly at strange corners and went for long rides in the countryside.

They sought out the lanes that wound through rolling farmland, marvelling together at handsome old farmhouses, at the color of young crops in the fields, and at the sweetness of the air after a sudden shower.

They discovered old inns, where

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by candlelight they could have leisurely meals. They talked of Dad's business successes and failures, of places they had been, of relatives and friends, of books and plays and music, of long-forgotten joys and disappointments. Lily was so full of enjoyment and enthusiasm that Dad caught it from her. Soon, he was overflowing with reminiscences and opinions, growing excited about emotions he had ignored for decades.

One day he was driving along and said some gentle poetic thing that touched Lily. "Stop!" she cried out, feigning excitement. "Pull over!"

"What's the matter?" Dad yelped.

"Nothing much," she said. "I just feel a kiss coming on."

Dad jammed on the brakes, grinning like a foolish kid and burning at the ears; he felt as though fifty years had slipped away. And that became a favorite private joke of theirs; Dad could play the game and act surprised whenever Lily pulled the trick on him, just as though she'd never done it before.

Dad was always a big eater; he would swiftly pack in a meal with determination. Now he learned a new way to eat: he discovered that the sharing of food and companionship can be the warmest social ceremony of the day. "I never acted like a gourmet before," he told Lily. "Sometimes it makes me feel —I don't know—almost guilty. Isn't it wrong to pay so much attention to these things?"

"It isn't wrong, dear," Lily told him. "You haven't exercised your sense of enjoyment in such a long time that it's just got stiff muscles."

Dad's contact with Lily changed his personality, but also brought surprising physical changes, too. The lapses of memory vanished; he no longer complained of vague discomforts and fatigue. Indeed, he was on the go from early morning until after midnight, with no more weariness than a man of 35.

After a while, Dad began to mention Lily to me from time to time, and he sounded me out as to whether my brother and I would think it very terrible if he wanted to get married again. I was delighted by the idea.

"But look, son," Dad added hastily, "I want you to know this marriage wouldn't involve . . . ah . . . you know, I don't have any foolish notions. Well, I mean it's only a way for two old folks to have some companionship." He stopped, and pretended to become absorbed in the newspaper he was holding.

Lily also sounded out her relatives and found they had no particular objections. And so, one day in March, with no fanfare or reception, the two of them got modestly and privately married, and Dad lugged his bags out to the car and drove off to Lily's apartment for a few years of quiet companionship. That's what he thought, but he couldn't have been more wrong. It turned out to be a marriage of rediscovered youth such as no one, Dad least of all, could have predicted.

From the very beginning, for instance, Lily was a handholder. During their first evenings as a married couple at home, she'd sit next to him on the sofa and take his hand while they talked or watched television or read together. Dad was

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stiff at first; then, after a while, it began to seem a simple matter—people *could* sit and hold hands, and there was just nothing to it.

When they were out visiting, she would cuddle up to him and hold his hand as he told some favorite story. She was 62, ample of beam, graying, and plain of feature, and Dad was 70, and baldish; yet the two of them never seemed ludicrous. For they were never coy, but only sincere.

At first, Dad would be a bit nervous when Lily was being affectionate in front of relatives or friends, but Lily used to say, "Daddy, we love each other, and they know we do, so what are you fussing about?" Then he would grin and look proud of himself and of her, and seem almost adolescent.

Learning from her, Dad came to treasure the experience of playing host to people. The bother of preparing for company seemed pleasant, once he realized that it represented how much the guests meant to him. Dad had always liked music, yet sitting at a concert all evening used to bore him to sleep. But not any more. He and Lily went to every major concert and recital in Hartford and New Haven, and he stayed raptly awake through the whole evening.

He hadn't been to the theater in years, but with Lily's zestfulness to spur him on, he now bought good seats for every play and musical that tried out in New Haven, and they went to New York two week ends each season to see the best of those they had missed.

They junketed off, when business would allow him, to Maine, to the Midwest, to Florida, and even took a 10,000-mile tour of the U. S. the summer that Dad was 73; he felt he had spoiled enough years working and saving his money, and now that he'd learned to enjoy himself, he wasn't going to waste his time being prudent.

She should have been an unwelcomed interloper; but she seemed like someone who had always belonged....

Dad's employees were perplexed by all the changes. "What's up with the boss?" old Bill Nugent growled through his walrus moustache. "Must be sick—walks around with a smile on his face."

On summer afternoons when business was slack, Dad invited the three employees into his private office to listen to the World Series on his radio, though he had never done so before.

Old friends invited Dad and Lily out and, after a couple of highballs, blurted out that he was a changed man. Sometimes Dad said to Lily as they drove home later, "What have you done to me, Lily? What's happened to me? Everybody says I'm so different. What kind of loveless thing was I before?"

Lily had taught Dad to love his friends, his family and his employees; she had taught him to love *being*, and to cherish the sights and sounds of each new day like a wide-eyed youth. But it didn't stop there. The miracle she worked sloughed off the decades and cloaked gray hair and thickset figures in a misty magic. . . .

Lily and my father had been

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married for nearly five wonderful years when Dad fell desperately ill. An unsuspected cancer had blossomed. The operation didn't help; it was too late.

Dad gradually shriveled away, and in his last two months in the hospital, the only comfort and pleasure he had was in Lily's presence and in having her bustle about the bed, smoothing the sheets, reading to him, holding his hand and reminiscing and gossiping about a thousand joys they had shared and would share soon again. For when she told him he was taking a turn for the better, and they'd soon be on the beach under the hot sun, he would believe her and be happy again.

Whenever she left, he was inconsolably glum; so she stayed there 12 and 14 hours a day for two months. She never told him that the diet of hasty sandwiches and soft drinks was making her anemic; that constant attendance by his bedside until all hours was shoving her blood pressure way into the danger zone; and that she was suffering from insomnia. She smiled and joked, kissed him and petted him, even when he had become a gaunt skeleton. Then, finally, he found peace one morning when his young man's heart stopped struggling with his old man's frame.

Lily lost her Joe, but she kept a whole new family. Every one of Dad's relatives has virtually adopted her in the past two years since he died. They love her almost more than their own kin because of her abundant warmth and energetic spirit, and because she feels to them like someone who has always belonged to them.

As for me, she was my latter-day stepmother and, traditionally, should have seemed like an unwelcome interloper. But at this very moment Lily is sitting in my living room, mending a rip in my wife's spring coat, and in a few minutes we three are going downtown to see the newest musical together. She is our house guest this week, and comes to stay with us for a few days whenever I can talk her into it. For Lily is aunt, second mother and good friend all in one—and teacher of a kind of wisdom that I hope some day to possess.

Sales Tales

ONE CANADIAN HOUSEWIFE hurled herself eagerly into the bargain-day scrimmage at the remnant counter—and emerged waving a long chunk of white material which she presented triumphantly to a saleslady. "Madam," said the clerk, with a glance of harried exasperation, "This is the cloth we use to cover the counter at night!" —*Maclean's Magazine*

A MIDDLE-AGED woman had inspected merchandise in every department of a big New York store without spending a penny. Finally a salesman asked her, "Madam, are you shopping here?"

"Certainly," she replied, surprised. "What else should I be doing?"

"Well, Madam," the salesman smiled acidly, "I thought perhaps you were taking inventory." —A. M. A. *Journal*

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Rothschild's Revenge

by MARY ALKUS

IT WAS EARLY in the 19th century when Nathan Meyer Rothschild, head of the London branch of the fabulous banking House of Rothschild, took it upon himself to teach a lesson to that mighty rock, solid as Gibraltar itself—the Bank of England.

Rothschild had written a check which both he and his brother Amschel, of Frankfort, had endorsed. The Bank of England refused to honor it, stating that they made payment only on their own notes—and not on those of private individuals.

Nathan, convinced that the Rothschilds had been affronted by the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," announced grimly, "I think I shall show the gentlemen the sort of private people with whom they are dealing!"

It was several weeks later that a Bank cashier was surprised to see Rothschild himself stride up to his window, hold out a British five-pound note and tersely request that he be given its equivalent in gold. He was more surprised when, following the trivial transaction, Nathan handed him another five-pound note, repeating his request.

The routine continued, note after note. As he was handed each gold coin, the famous banker slowly and deliberately weighed it. Then, his briefcase emptied, a secretary brought him another, departing with the bag of gold. At nine other windows, Rothschild employees were transacting the same business in the same manner, converting into gold the incredible number of British five-pound notes which Rothschild had collected.

The ten man team solemnly played the new game until banking hours were over for the day. All other business had come to an abrupt halt. And when the Bank's doors opened the following morning, its officials were dismayed to find Nathan and his nine employees waiting to start where they had left off the previous afternoon.

It was after an hour or so of these shenanigans that Rothschild commented, quite casually, to the harried cashier, "You've heard, no doubt, that the gentlemen did not care to honor my check. Therefore, I do not care to honor their notes. But I've quite a stack of them. Enough, I should judge, to keep the cashiers busy for some weeks to come. . . ."

That did it. The Rothschild remark frightened the Bank. It had disbursed 420,000 pounds in gold, honoring the gold redemption obligation of its currency; there was no reason to doubt but that the head of the London House of Rothschild had indeed managed to collect enough British five-pound notes to continue indefinitely his grandstand play.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, a few more white hairs in her venerable head, threw in the towel. She caused to be posted a notice that, in the future, the Bank of England would honor any Rothschild check.

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For 50 years, this mighty Briton amazed the world with his daring

RICHARD BURTON: King of Adventure

by NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE

THROUGH THE BAZAARS of Islam, the incredible news spread. An infidel had dared a death too horrible to relate and found a way to enter the Mohammedan holy of holies, the Kaabah in the Great Mosque in Mecca.

Not once, but twice, he had been there and even now, newspapers in Europe and America were carrying his descriptions of this secret place, giving its actual dimensions, revealing for the first time that the sacred Black Stone which millions of Moslems had kissed in reverence was actually a meteorite.

Most incredulous of all were the pilgrims who had traveled with the tall, dark-skinned masquerader who represented himself as Mirza Abdullah, Afghan physician. They recalled the time, aboard the ship, when fierce Maghrabis tribesmen had stormed the upper deck where Abdullah occupied favored space. The giant Afghan had beaten back the attackers by pushing a 100-pound water jar at them.

Later, when the caravan was making its slow way through the barren rocky gorges beyond Medina, it had been attacked by Bedouin bandits. While maddened camels reared, and women and children screamed, the caravan fell into wild confusion.

Then this incredible Abdullah's voice rose above the din. He was calling for his supper, which he calmly ate. His coolness stemmed

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the rout that the robbers had been counting on.

No wonder men had fallen back respectfully when he strode into the Kaabah, and had waited patiently while he lingered longer than usual over the sacred Black Stone.

Thus the world for the first time heard the name of a man who was to become one of history's most fabulous soldiers of fortune. For the daring pilgrimage to Mecca was only one of the thousand-and-one exploits of Richard Francis Burton, Arabian Nights adventurer.

Though this was his first appearance in the limelight, actually he already had a long background of dangerous living. As soldier and secret investigator in the British Army in India and Persia, he had spent nearly 12 years learning the ways of the Moslem world.

Probably no man was ever better fitted for the daring life Burton chose to lead. A giant of a man, powerfully built, he was capable of unbelievable feats of physical endurance. He was the best swordsman in Europe, and one of the best rifle and pistol shots in the world.

He was a skillful horseman and for a time commanded a cavalry unit of Bashi-Bazouks, wild Turkish riders. As a scientist, his knowledge could challenge that of geologists and geographers. As one of the world's great linguists, he spoke a dozen languages and scores of dialects. As a master of disguises, he could appear in a dozen roles, fooling even people who knew him well.

A writer and a scholar, Richard Burton was the man who translated the thousands of pages of the Arabian Nights into vivid English prose, to make this Arabic classic part of the great heritage of English literature.

From 1854, when he invaded Mecca, to his death in 1890, he amazed the world by his daring. Sometimes sponsored by the Royal Geographical Society, sometimes as British consul to out-of-the-way spots on the globe, sometimes on his own, he flirted with death hundreds of times.

Following his fabulous journey to Mecca, made when he was 33 years old, another fantastic dream took shape in Burton's mind. Somewhere in the dark reaches of Central Africa lay the answer to a mystery that had challenged geographers since the days of the ancient Egyptians. Hundreds of explorers had sought to solve it—yet in the middle of the 19th century no one knew the answer to the question: where was the source of the Nile?

Burton determined to find the answer. Others had failed—but they had tried to fight their way up the Nile itself. He decided to strike inland across the continent toward the Sea of Ujiji, the body of water later to be christened Lake Tanganyika.

It was a mad scheme, for which the Royal Geographical Society

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would grant him only £1,000, far less than the amount he would need. But Burton would not be stopped.

In November, 1856, with one other white man, John Speke, he assembled his caravan. Natives told him his proposal was impossible, that along the way savage tribesmen would lie waiting in a land of terror into which no white man had ever ventured.

They were attacked first by wild beasts who cut down many of their pack animals as they passed through the evil Valley of Death. The place was well named, for from its miasmic swamps came malaria, and Burton and Speke plunged onward in a nightmare of fever. By sheer effort of will, they traversed jungles where swarms of tsetse flies and savage ants made every moment a horror.

SICK AND TORMENTED as he was, Burton dared not relax his vigilance for a single moment, for among the cutthroats he had been forced to hire for the caravan, he knew that treachery was planned. Many had deserted, and those who remained were waiting only for a suitable moment to kill the Englishmen.

Then, nature put fresh obstacles in their way, for they began to climb steadily. Only by clinging to tangled vegetation could the weakened men pull themselves upward. It was six long hours before the caravan at last reached the top. Speke was raving deliriously and Burton gave orders that a stop be made to enable him to recover.

Days became weeks, then months, as the caravan struggled on. Finally, one day in February, Burton wearily climbed a rocky hill to look ahead. Something bright caught his eyes. Water! A great lake. Was it the Sea of Ujiji, source of the Nile?

When Burton at last stood on the shores of the lake, it seemed that death had won the race, for he was so desperately ill that he could only lie helplessly in a rude shelter while Speke went in search of provisions.

Yet somehow Burton recovered. He found a native boat and spent weeks exploring the great new inland sea, putting ashore to study the land and draw maps of what he felt must be the source of the Nile.

When the expedition at last started back, Burton heard a strange rumor from Arabs. There was, they told him, another lake to the north.

Burton knew that he himself did not have the strength to explore further. So the younger Speke, who had suffered far less, was sent on.

When Speke returned, he told Burton that it was indeed a gigantic lake (Victoria Nyanza, it would be named) and surely it, not the Sea of Ujiji, was the Nile's source.

A few months later, back in civilization, Speke went on ahead to England and announced that he, not Burton, had made the great discovery. This was a cruel disappointment to Burton, for not only was he robbed of the credit that should have been his as leader of the expedition, but he was betrayed by a man who had been his friend.

Later, after Speke died by an accidental shooting, history came to give Burton as well as Speke the credit each deserved for his part in the discovery of the headwaters of the Nile.

Later, when Burton was appointed British consul to the port of San-

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tos, in Brazil, he got his chance to explore still another continent. He organized an expedition to the little known province of Minas Geraes and penetrating deep into the interior jungles reached the great river, the Sao Francisco.

He had come overland on mule-back, now he wondered if it would not be possible to go down the river. Natives warned him that the mighty rapids would destroy a boat, but Burton built a raft and found a crew willing to undertake the hazardous journey.

In places, as the river wound through placid jungles where boas hung from the trees, the waters were sluggish. But soon the river began a wild race through a narrow canyon. The walls rushed past as the flimsy raft narrowly missed jutting rocks around which white water boiled.

Burton escaped, to turn up as a correspondent during the war which Paraguay fought against Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. At the war's end he rode across the pampas and made the long and arduous journey up over the roof of the continent, the towering Andes.

The whole record of Burton's adventures will never be told. In the Crimean War, he led 4,000 Turkish cavalrymen, the wild Bashi-Bazouks. In Somaliland, when he and two other Englishmen were hopelessly surrounded by hundreds of armed tribesmen, his whirling saber slashed a path of escape.

In the Cameroons, he fought his way through hostile territory to climb the mysterious Pico Grande and from its height discover three other great peaks, Mount Victoria, Mount Albert and Mount Isabel, which he named after his wife. On the Upper Gaboon River, he hunted baboons and narrowly escaped death when struck by lightning.

As a geologist, he wandered over Iceland in search of sulphur deposits. He hunted for long lost gold mines in the fabled land of Midian. In Biblical Nazareth, he was stoned by an angry mob which he boldly defied.

But of all his spine-tingling exploits, probably the finest example of sheer, cool courage was his venture into the grim citadel of Harar, in Somaliland. No white man had ever reached it, and none ever would, it was said. For its rulers were mindful of an ancient prophecy that the city would be doomed when a white man trod its streets.

Burton knew that this capital of the slave trade was an evil place, and that the savage Somalis would show no mercy to an intruder. Yet when the East Indian Company agreed to finance an expedition there, he went without hesitation.

As Haji Abdullah, he appeared at the Red Sea port of Zayla to gather together a caravan. Men shivered with fright when he mentioned a journey to Harar, but at last he found 20 villainous characters who agreed to go with him.

As they neared the walls of dreaded Harar, Burton fell desperately ill. For two days he lay with a raging fever in the home of a chieftain who had taken a liking

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to him. When the wan, shaking explorer was finally on his feet again, the chieftain told him that, since he appeared to be a Turk, he would surely be instantly killed in Harar, for the Turks were hated there.

Pondering this information, Burton made a swift decision. He would go undisguised, as an Englishman!

The good chieftain ordered his people to chant the prayers for the dying as Burton and the only two men who dared follow him went toward the secret city. Boldly they rode up to the ominous gates. Above them, the parapets were lined with evil, angry faces.

At last a voice cried out that they might enter, and the explorer and his men were taken down narrow streets and ushered into the dim hall of a great palace. On a throne at the far end sat the dread Amir of Harar. Between him and Burton there was a solid line of savage warriors carrying giant spears.

"Peace be upon you," Burton cried, with no sign of fear. Gripping the revolver concealed in his belt, he sauntered calmly down this aisle of death. When he stood stiffly before the Amir, two men came forward and ordered him to kiss the Amir's hand.

Burton bent down, pretending to follow their command, then straightened and stared boldly into the cold expressionless eyes of the Amir. He sensed the hatred in the vast room and knew that the slightest signal from the crimson-robed man on the throne would send a dozen spears stabbing into his back.

Suddenly, the Amir's lips drew out in a strange smile. Burton's hand tightened on his revolver. Just six shots—but he would make them count.

But the Amir gave what was clearly a signal of dismissal. Triumphantly, Burton strode back between the lines of glowering natives and out the gates. He had entered the secret city, stood face to face with its dreaded Amir—and walked out alive!

Strangely enough, though he wrote more than a score of books, the world will never know the full story of Richard Burton, for there was a bizarre sequel to his life of daring. Many of his adventures were recounted in his diaries, on which he had worked tirelessly even in moments of danger.

After his death—miraculously, he escaped all dangers to die peacefully as consul in Trieste at the age of 69—his will revealed that he had left all his papers to his wife. Although she had been his faithful literary helper for more than 30 years, she made a strange decision. Carefully, deliberately, she burned his diaries, all his closely written notebooks.

Who can know what exotic tales were thus lost forever? Yet even without the secrets destroyed in that tragic pyre, no one can question the fact that Sir Richard Francis Burton richly earned the title "King of Adventure."

THE BEST WAY to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it strictly.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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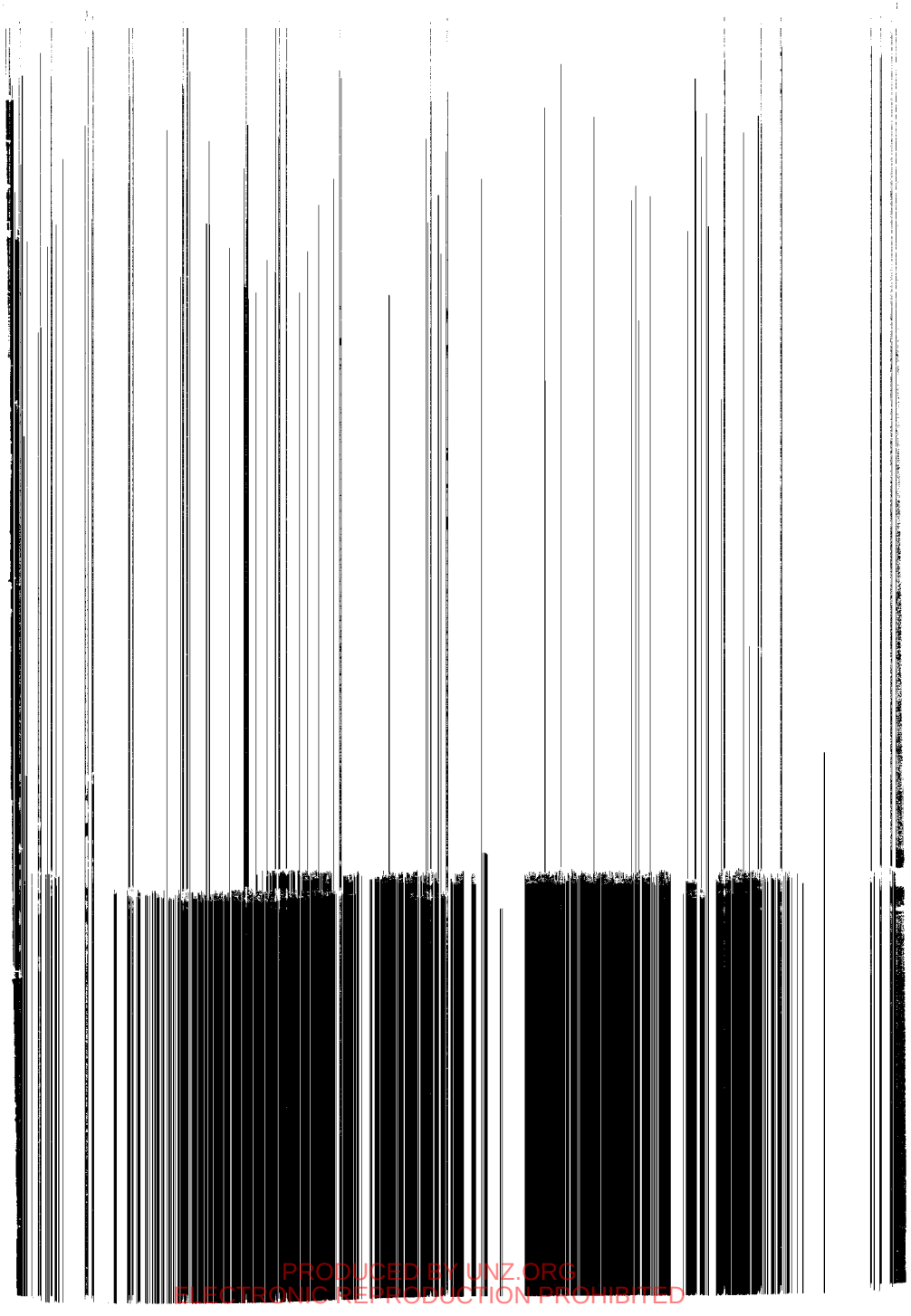

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OUTDOOR FUN BEGINS for many homeowners when they cultivate their own land—with each green leaf, each blossoming bud, becoming their private miracle. And what's more nobly satisfying than the family working together in the good earth?

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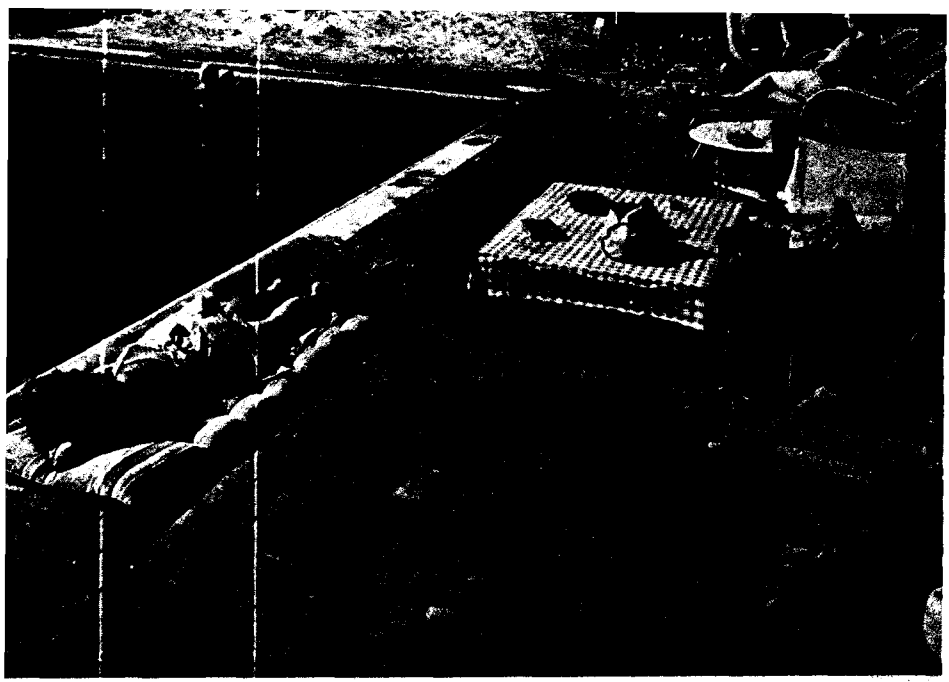

ONCE, SWIMMING POOLS were symbols of a fabulous life in an unattainable world—one read about but rarely experienced. Now you find them on modest lots in suburb and country—your own French Riviera or Italian Lido—with all the comforts of home.

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THE BEAUTY ABOUT NATURE is that the wonder of fresh air is everywhere outside—and this holds true whether it is outside a tenement or on the roof of an apartment building. Here, under a warm sun and ministering hands, a garden grows.

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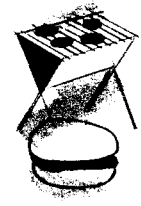
PERHAPS IT ALL GOES BACK to primeval days when fires blazed amid earth and leaves, and wind and sky were one's walls and roof. Is there anything more zestful than preparing your dinner out-of-doors—even if it be only a backyard barbecue?



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OF COURSE, there are those who really throw off their shackles—armed with canvas, spars and poles, and a magnificent disdain for city comforts, they're not happy until they find their way to a national park, where they can pitch tents overnight.

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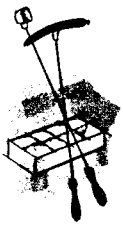
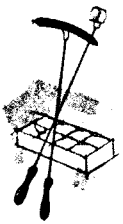


WHAT STRANGE KINSHIP moves us, what ancient tribal memories hold us in thrall, when the campfire's flames push back the dark, and flickering shadows play, and in the charmed circle of golden warmth, we sing the oldtime songs . . . ?



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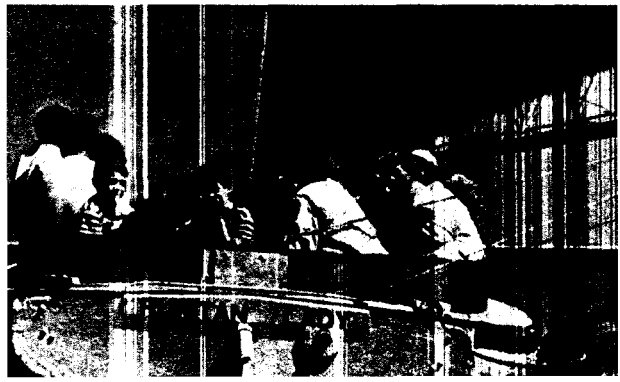
IT DOESN'T MATTER whether it's car or sailboat, the lure of the seashore or the sparkling zest of the mountainside, or whether you're limited to rooftop terrace or backyard barbecue—all these are the delights of summertime living. And as vacation time nears, more and more American families learn to enjoy the gifts of leisure and relaxation in the open air.



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Some delightful day...

you're going to find out that "time-of-the-month" can be made a whole lot easier for you. You're going to try Tampax...

Think of some of the very nicest things that could possibly happen to you to make "those days" far less troublesome. You'll find that Tampax sanitary protection will make every last one of them come true!

Ever bothered by chafing? Bulk? The fear that a telltale outline might "show"? Tampax is compressed cotton worn *internally;* it's invisible when in place. And it's so comfortable you aren't even aware you're wearing it!

What about odor? (That *could* admittedly be a problem!) Tampax definitely prevents odor from forming. You're secure anywhere; you can even wear Tampax while you're taking your shower or your tub.

Wouldn't it be nice not to have to dispose of an external pad? Tampax simply flushes away—applicator and all. And it's so made that user's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

All of these advantages are waiting for you at your favorite drug or notion counter in the little Tampax package. Tuck a month's supply into *your* purse. You'll be delighted with it. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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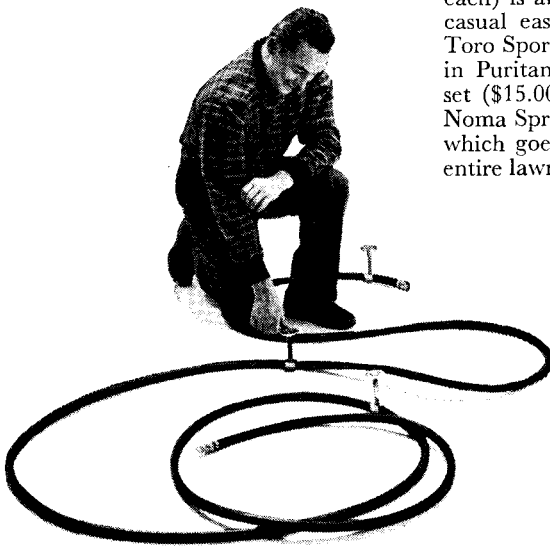
NEW PRODUCTS

In the Good New Summertime

THIS SUMMER, if Father exclaims, "Get out and stay out," chances are he'll lead the parade himself. There's a new look to the good old summertime as modern America works . . . plays . . . and entertains right in its own backyard. Today's hot-weather clothing, products and ideas guarantee easy living in the good *new* summertime, in a setting as big as all outdoors.

NEW GARDENING products make it possible for every family to have its own green thumb. The young lady on the left, for instance, attired in a printed cotton chintz twosome from Miracle Sportswear (blouse, shorts $3.98 each) is about to mow 'em down with casual ease with the power-propelled Toro Sportlawn ($119.95). Her spouse, in Puritan's 3-piece coordinated slack set ($15.00), is installing a permanent Noma Spray sprinkler system ($14.95), which goes *underground* and waters the entire lawn at the turn of a faucet.



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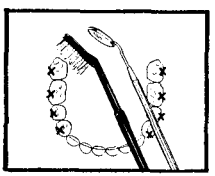
TRY TO PLACE a conventional toothbrush on the back of your last molar

NOW see how easily it can be done with a SQUIBB *ANGLE* TOOTHBRUSH

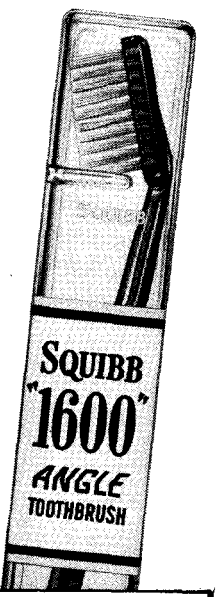
80% of decay occurs in the hard-to-clean back teeth



...use the brush that's bent like your dentist's *mirror* to reach those hard-to-get-at places

...the SQUIBB *ANGLE* TOOTHBRUSH

Look for this Squibb product at your drugstore



Remember... your PHARMACIST *is the man in your community qualified to dispense products that concern your health.*

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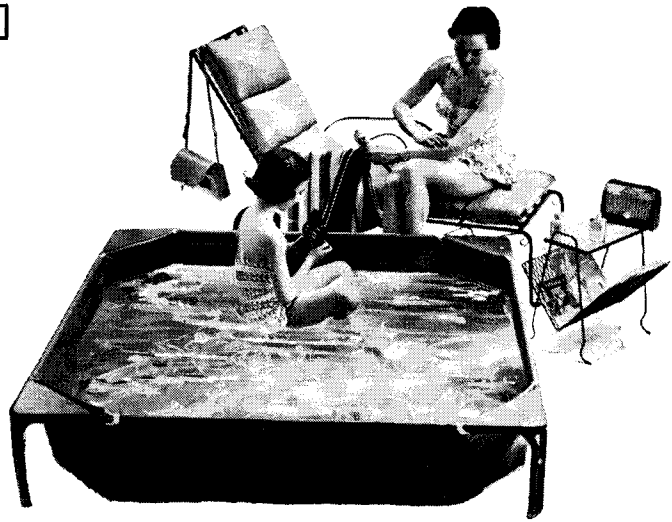
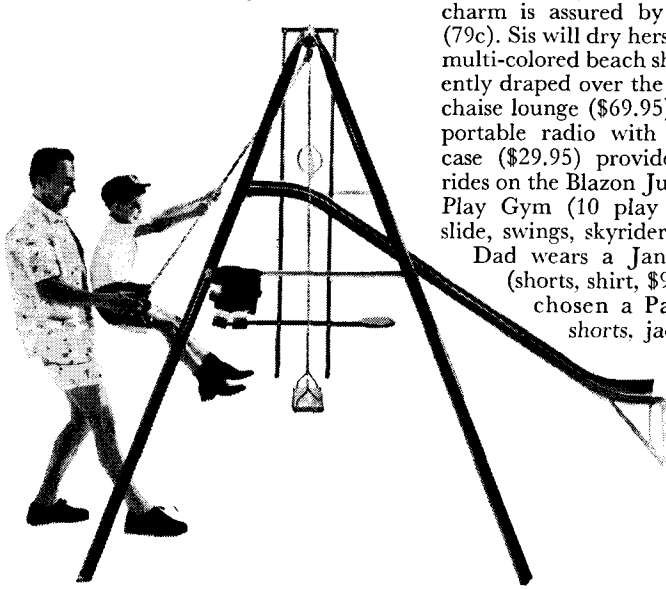


MATCHING "Gingerbread Man" cotton swim suits by Catalina (Mom $12.95, Sis $6.95), bring a gay touch to backyard playtime. Sis cools off in a Bilnor Bil-O-Matic portable swimming pool while snapping a photo with Kodak's Duoflex Kodet ($14.95). Mom applies soothing sun tan lotion from Sun 'n' Surf's aerosol spray ($1.50). Sis likes the liquid lotion, Nutan ($1.00), on the Gallo Wrought Iron magazine rack ($9.95). Bare-legged summer charm is assured by depilatory Neet (79c). Sis will dry herself with Martex's multi-colored beach sheet ($3.98), presently draped over the arm of the Gallo chaise lounge ($69.95). Westinghouse's portable radio with leather carrying case ($29.95) provides music. Junior rides on the Blazon Jumbo Safety-Slide Play Gym (10 play areas, including slide, swings, skyrider, chinning bars). Dad wears a Jantzen swim outfit (shorts, shirt, $9.95). Brother has chosen a Pauker set (shirt, shorts, jacket, hat, $9.50).



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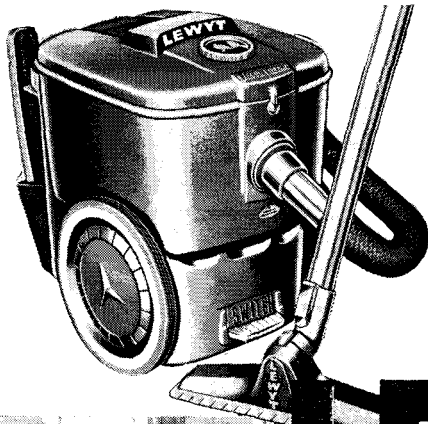


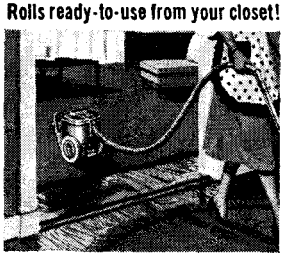
no lift!
no drag!
no carry!

LEWYT

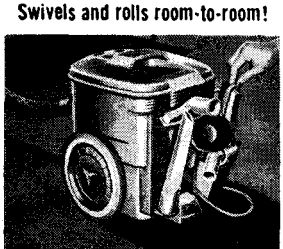
VACUUM CLEANER

rolls on BIG WHEELS

Rolls ready-to-use from your closet!



Swivels and rolls room-to-room!



Rolls with all cleaning tools!*

Never before was housework so easy as it is with the new LEWYT on BIG rubber-tired wheels! You don't lift, drag or carry it—the new Lewyt *rolls* after you, all through the house. It swivels in one spot for round-the-room cleaning—even carries all tools!

What's more, you can dial exact suction for each cleaning job with its "Power Dial" . . . deodorize automatically as you clean. If you're an allergy-sufferer, you'll bless its 5-filter system. You get features like "no dust bag to empty," tubes that lock together, compact square shape. And, despite its amazing quietness, it's the most powerful Lewyt ever made!

**"Papoose" Tool Rack for Lewyt and closet Wall Rack optional at small extra cost.*

© LEWYT CORP. 1955

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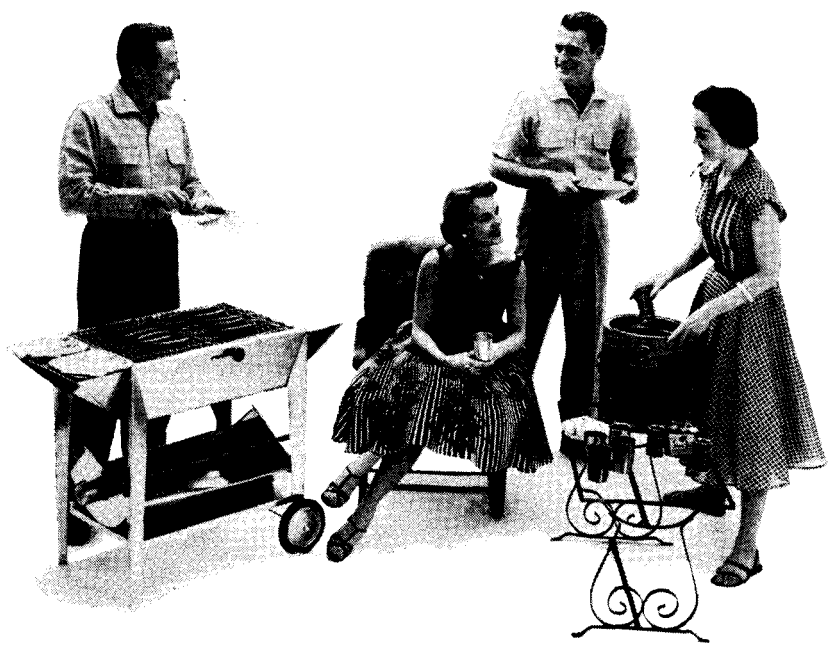
IN THE GOOD *new* summertime, entertaining in your own backyard is a refreshing way to mix it up without too much fuss and bother. The host, grilling frankfurters on his aluminum-clad Kamkap "Kook-Out" ($49.95; slightly higher in West), seems amused at the similarity between his guest's get-up and his own. Herr Host is wearing dark gray wool gabardine Kentcraft trousers ($15.95) and a helio rayon linen-weave Lancer sports shirt ($5.98), while his guest wears light gray flannel Kentcraft slacks ($15.95) and a gray rayon linen weave Lancer shirt ($4.98).

The ladies, more alert to the problem of wearing the same outfit, have varied their ensembles. The guest, leaning forward in the Gallo Wrought Iron chair ($39.95), is wearing a black and white cotton Tailor Jr. ($22.95) while her hostess is chic and comfortable behind the Gallo coffee table ($14.95) in a brown and white checked sheer cotton R & K Original ($17.95). The hostess is expounding the miracles of the container of Skotch Ice she is placing in the Skotch Kooler ($7.95; Western states, $8.49). Skotch Ice (pack of four cans, 69c; Western states, 79c) can be used in any container. Fresh out of the freezing compartment, the harmless chemicals will keep food and beverages cold for hours. Then, back goes Skotch Ice into the freezer for use again and again in the good *new* summertime.



(See page 130 for the Coronet-recommended store in your locality where the above items may be purchased.)

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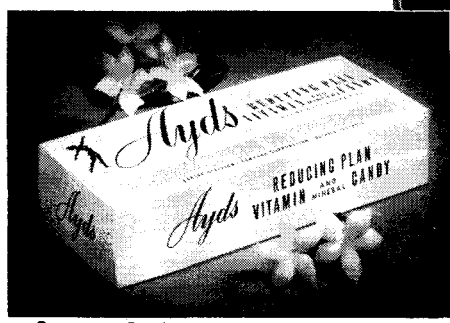
Arthur Godfrey says...

"Who wants to be 'Miss Pudgy of 1955'

when you can lose pounds the **Ayds** *way!"*



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(See "*In the Good New Summertime*," *beginning on page 124*)

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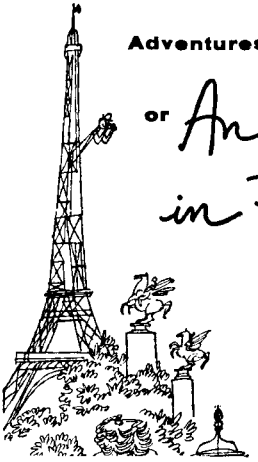
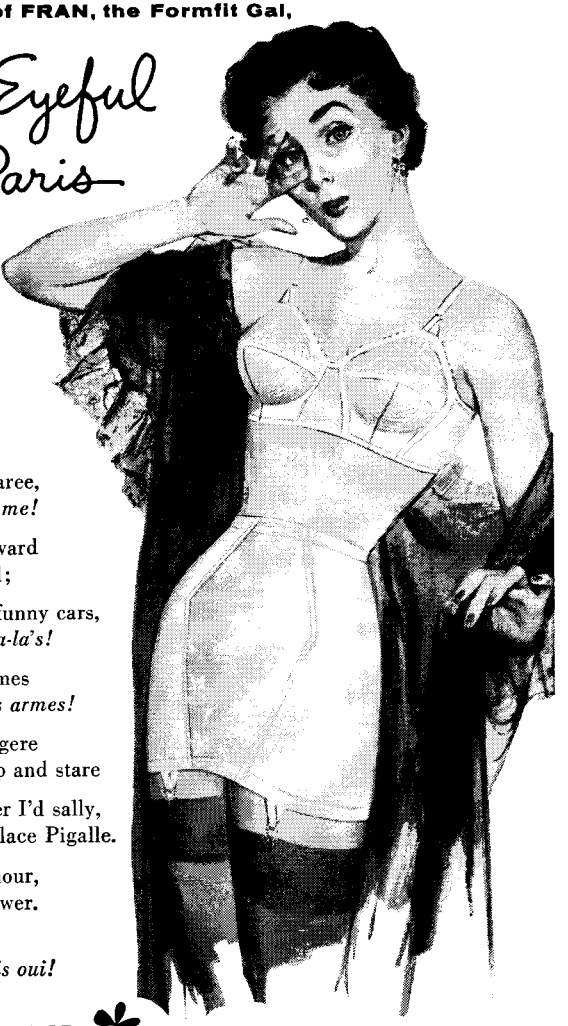
Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal,

or An Eyeful in Paris





Of course I took to Gay Paree,
But golly, how they took to *me!*

I strolled each sunny boulevard
The subject of intent regard;

Those Frenchmen, in their funny cars,
Deluged me with their *Oo-la-la's!*

To consternation of gendarmes
I halted traffic . . . *moi, sans armes!*

Folks headed for Folies Bergere
Would miss the show to stop and stare

They'd "*vive la*" me where'er I'd sally,
From mad Montmartre to Place Pigalle.

With such approval by the hour,
My ego topped the Eiffel Tower.

Complete responsibility:
My Formfit outfit*—ah, *mais oui!*

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SKIPPIES GIRDLE • LIFE BRA

Here Fran's wearing figure-making Skippies Girdle #953 . . . nylon elastic net, front and back satin lastex panels. Small, Medium, Large. $6.50. The bra is the lovely Life Romance #582. 32A to 38C. $3.50.
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The Strapless

by WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

ONCE UPON A TIME, the day when the young man in the family first appeared in long trousers marked a milestone in family life. Today, another milestone exists in family life, so a student reports who has studied the matter closely—the moment when daughter, around the age of 15, acquires and wears her first strapless evening gown. (Following customary usage among 15-year-olds, the word "gown" now disappears from this report: for them, it's always "a strapless.")

According to the student, a strapless isn't acquired by most 15-year-olds merely by asking for it and getting it. That simple tactic invariably brings the answer: "Why, for goodness sake! You're much too young." It needs a campaign, one that may begin as far back as 13.

The strapless is usually preceded by a series of what are called by mothers "party dresses" and by their daughters, "those old-fashioned dowdy dresses with necklines up to here"—"here" being well above the chin. Daughter wears them with no great protest, but as the months pass she points out to an inflexible mother that a schoolmate "is getting a strapless and, after all, she's even two months younger than I am."

Finally, after passing the age of 15, the coming of the first big party or the high-school concert brings the matter of a strapless to climax.

Here, father usually gets asked for his opinion. He wisely says "humph!" and retreats fast. He will snort, however, at the argument from his daughter that at 15 a girl is not little any more but grown up.

The verdict's up to mother and she gives in. She agrees with her daughter that white or pastel or girly tones are unnecessary, but she won't go along with the 15-year-old's dream of a black dress. "That's too —well—" she hunts for the right word—"that's not sedate enough."

The strapless comes, from dressmaker or store. Its color is a compromise in changeable silk between hoped-for black and the unwanted pink. The day of the first wearing comes. Father watches his 15-year-old, in the old faded sweater and skirt, hurry upstairs after a rushed dinner. He may not know it but he is soon to see a new wonder.

In time, that wonder comes down the stairs. Down comes a lovely stranger, her hair upswept, her face radiant. She is sleek, slim, svelte,

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Keep him rash-free

Keep him happy with Lanolin-rich, oil-rich

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and shining. A 15-year-old may have raced upstairs, but it is a young woman who comes down—and a beautiful one—in her shimmering red-blue gown. In that time upstairs she has grown up and the father knows it, both happily and ruefully.

In some way, known only to women, merely donning the strapless has put maturity into her face and given her a poise that father had never noticed before. He can only remember that once, 20 years or so ago, he had waited for another young woman to descend the stairs in her new evening gown—and no strapless in those days, either. Now she has sent this beautiful new woman down.

The father may say: "It's very lovely." He won't say much more. He's too busy thinking about time, life, and the racing of the years.

Changelings

MANY OF THE adjectives used to describe the adorable qualities of small children seem apt at the time. But those same children change as they grow up, and the adjectives along with them. Thus a child described as

Unusual . . . grows up to be called . . .	Peculiar
Cute . . .	. . . Featherbrained
Gay . . .	. . . Giddy
Exuberant . . .	. . . Overbearing
A Prodigy . . .	. . . A Bore
Individual . . .	. . . An Egomaniac
Independent . . .	. . . Dogmatic
Sweet . . .	. . . Coy
Studious . . .	. . . A Recluse
Lively . . .	. . . Exhausting
Quiet . . .	. . . An Introvert
Obedient . . .	. . . A Milquetoast
A Model Child . . .	. . . Impossible

—BABETTE IVAN

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Grin and Share It

AN AMATEUR astronomer entertained a friend who was a rabid golfer. At dinner afterward, he insisted that the golfer look at the moon through his telescope while he delivered a short lecture on the beauties of our satellite. Finished, he asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I guess it's all right," replied the golfer, "but it's got an awful lot of sand traps." —A. M. A. *Journal*

IT WAS LITTLE Bobby's first hunting expedition with his father. Coming out of the woods tardily after the first day's hunt, Bobby asked the guide excitedly, "Is everybody else back in camp?"

"Yep," said the guide.

"Dad and all of them?"

"Yep."

"Hot dog!" shouted Bobby gleefully. "Then I've shot a deer!"

—NEAL O'HARA (McNaught Syndicate)

BICYCLING THROUGH Ireland some decades ago, I stopped for a cup of water at a peasant's hut. Rebellion was unusually rife in Ireland then, and the old woman with whom I chatted had nothing good to say for the English. Just four miles up the road, she told me, the English had tied 200 God-fearing Irishmen to stakes and burned them. I was incredulous, for I had not come across this grim tale in any reports of the Black and Tan or rebel excesses.

"When did they do that?" I exclaimed.

"It was Cromwell," she said. "The dir-r-ty dog."

—HODDING CARTER, *Southern Legacy* (Louisiana State University Press)

FOR EIGHT days and nights, Mr. Jones had been unable to sleep. Medicine seemed to have no effect whatever, and, in desperation, the Jones family summoned a renowned hypnotist.

The hypnotist fastened beady eyes on Mr. Jones and chanted, "You are asleep, Mr. Jones. The shadows are closing about you. This vale of tears is becoming misty and obscured. Soft music is lulling your senses into a state of beatific relaxation. You are asleep! You are asleep!"

The anxious family looked at the ailing man—and sure enough, he was asleep!

"You're a miracle worker," the grateful son told the hypnotist—and paid him a substantial bonus.

As the outside door closed behind the hypnotist, Mr. Jones opened one eye. "Say," he demanded, "is that lunatic finally gone?"

—BENNETT CERF, *Laughter, Inc.* (Garden City Books)

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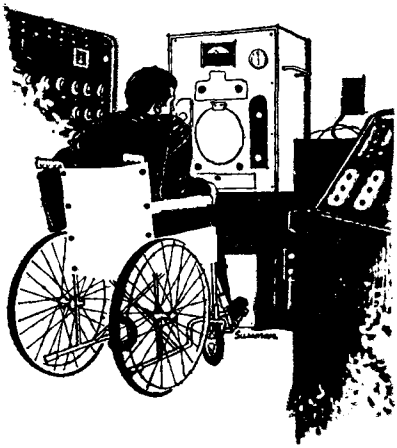
Emik Avakian overcame handicaps to become a scientist in his own right

Wizard in a Wheelchair



by ERIC NORTHRUP

WHEN TEHERAN-BORN Emik Avakian began his education in the first grade of a New York City public school, he was a sadly disturbed lad of 11, knowing not a word of English. Behind him were five long years of suffering; ahead was the almost certain prospect of total confinement, perhaps for the remainder of his life, to a wheelchair.

Cerebral palsy had robbed this youngster since birth of the use of arms, legs and hands. His dark eyes were bright, intelligent, but he had to be fed and carried about from place to place, like an infant.

Today, at 31, Emik Avakian holds a master's degree from Columbia University and is a recognized expert in the field of electronic engineering. In his studio-workshop at Crestwood, New York, he sits surrounded by a veritable jungle of cathode tubes, blueprints, transistors, switches and cables.

Flashing a warm grin, he explains, "I use these gadgets for exploring the unknown. They're also mighty handy around the house."

The phone rings; with a slight motion of his knee, he trips a switch to turn on a three-inch loudspeaker. A foot control transmits all important calls, especially those containing technical data, directly to a tape recorder. By a simple movement of the knee, foot or shoulder, the scientist-inventor is able to operate lamps, radio, TV and other equipment.

Directly before him on his desk stands the world's first breath-controlled typewriter. It consists of four units interconnected by a complex network of circuits: a standard electric typewriter keyboard, a battery of four mikes, a junior-sized electronic brain and a portable control box.

"This," says Avakian, "is my private secretary. I dreamed her up while studying at Eureka College, but this first model was completed only three years ago.

"You operate it by blowing the mikes at coded frequenc sound of your breath se

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pulses to the 'brain,' which translates the code and relays it to the proper letters on the keyboard. Slow—but more dependable than a live secretary. The only time she ever misbehaved was on one Fourth of July, when sound waves from exploding firecrackers scrambled my correspondence!"

Many of Avakian's projects are startling in their bold approach to the problems of mechanics and electrical engineering. One of his most ambitious inventions is "a super-gadget designed to solve a problem vital to American defense."

Nicknamed AMFIS—for Automatic Microfilm Information System—this amazing instrument will make it possible to file the equivalent of 9,000,000 index cards, maps or pictures in a space no larger than an office desk. Using a simple telephone-type dial, the operator of the instrument can easily select any item of information at will and project it onto a reviewing screen.

How has it been possible for such a badly crippled man to accomplish all this? Friends and associates of the young inventor insist there is nothing miraculous about it. Tim Ewald and Dick Loose, who have assisted in blueprinting and constructing his complex electronic gadgets, put it this way: "With such a mind, and such a personality—he simply couldn't miss!"

A rare combination of iron will and boundless curiosity has enabled Emik to conquer the thousand and one obstacles of daily living. And, as though to compensate for the lack of mobility in his arms and legs, his mind races along at triple time.

Between the ages of 11 and 12, he advanced from the first to the seventh grade. Although he never touched pencil to paper, the lessons seemed to etch themselves upon his brain with the rapidity of light upon a photo negative.

Very early in life, he made this agreement with himself: *The world is a place where people do things. I was not born to do things—but I can watch.* The habit of watching, of hoarding thousands of individual impressions, shifting them one by one into the focus of his curiosity, became a driving force within the boy.

By the time he was 13, Emik began to apply mathematical and physical principles to the things he watched and to use the rest of the family, consisting of his parents and his older sister, Jema, in various small electrical engineering projects around the house.

By combining parts from a metal-building set and an electric train, and by using the patient, capable hands of Mother Avakian to blueprint and construct his verbal designs, he built an automatic railroad trestle. Triggered by an electric eye mechanism, the trestle rose before oncoming trains and dropped back to position after the last car had passed.

Although he was graduated from high school with honors, his vocational guidance counselors advised against college; they urged, instead,

SO I'M A BABY SITTER!
by Sid Caesar
In a hilarious picture story, the famous TV comedian gives his own version of the problems that beset a baby sitter. In June Coronet.

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a realistic acceptance of his condition of total disability. A career in science, they thought, was not only impractical but fantastic.

Fortunately, Emik came of sturdy Armenian stock. His parents had reared their palsied son with much love, but without pity, and had traveled half the world—from Persia, to Russia, to Berlin, to New York—seeking medical help. Avakian senior was a proud, tough-fibered man, soft in heart but strong in the determination that Emik go on to college.

A college, however, was difficult to find. Few universities today have special facilities for the severely handicapped student. Registrars praised his scholastic record but, when they saw Emik, politely turned down his application.

Finally, after much effort, he gained admission to Eureka College, a small liberal arts school at Eureka, Illinois. Arrangements were made for a roommate, George Leeming, to conduct Emik to and from his classes and otherwise assist the palsied student.

He soon became known for his brilliance and for the quick but friendly wit that won enthusiastic comradeship among his classmates. Two bright incidents highlighted Emik's popularity on the campus: he was initiated—and properly hazed—into one of the school's leading fraternities; and, in a college play written by a coed, he played the role of a famous air ace who had been shot down and incapacitated by battle wounds.

"The play was so convincing," he recalls, "that half the visiting audience expected me to walk off of the stage and were quite astounded when they learned that I was actually a wheelchair case."

It wasn't long before Emik's professors learned to respect the keen thinking of the eager young man whose eyes and ears seemed to miss nothing. Physics, mathematics, physiology, became special passions —for they seemed to bear intimate relationship to the tangled problems of control, communication and motor activity that had been his private ordeal through life.

He began to view the human body as a vast system of electrical relays and controls, centered in the brain, whose billions of nerve cells are like vacuum tubes that transmit messages to the countless muscles, tissues and fibers of the anatomy. A key to this knotty problem of communications was the bright new field of electronics, built around a basic unit of electrical energy—the electron—common to all living and inorganic matter.

Why not exploit these magic particles, thought Emik, to provide communication aids for palsied, paralyzed and other severely disabled persons, like himself, whose private intercom systems had broken down?

Postgraduate studies in higher mathematics and computer systems at Columbia University—where he won his master's degree, with honors—gave Avakian all he needed to switch from guesses to convictions.

Five years before, he had conceived the idea of a typewriter that could be "run on air" by converting sound waves into a coded pattern of electronic impulses. Now he was ready to convert that schoolboy

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dream into a blueprint and, finally, into a working model.

The problem of securing equipment and expensive parts was solved by what Emik describes, with characteristic modesty, as a "perfect break." While still at Columbia, he went to International Business Machines and discussed some of his engineering designs.

Top-drawer experts at that world-famous firm, deeply impressed by Emik's analysis of ideas and by his approach to them, promptly engaged him as a special consultant. They assigned engineering problems to him and supplied him with equipment for developing the "breath-controlled typewriter."

To build the model, Emik secured the assistance of two brilliant young science majors, Loose and Ewald, who became an inseparable part of all Avakian undertakings. Ever since it was formed, Emik has been inordinately proud of this relationship.

"You see," he says, "I am no longer a man . . . I am a team!"

For a while, however, the "team" has been temporarily discontinued, since both men are now serving in the Armed Forces.

Despite its rigid physical limitations, the world of Emik Avakian is a bewilderingly busy place. He has an infinite capacity for work, will often be up at 6 A.M., attend an important out-of-town scientific convention in the afternoon, dictate correspondence and solve engineering "bugs" until one or two the next morning.

As to his personal future, he maintains a healthy optimism. "With all that is being done in cerebral palsy research these days, and with the constantly improving methods of treatment, I hope to see the day when I can stop operating by remote control and do a couple of things the old-fashioned way."

Like all inventors, he is ever restless and wrapped up in new projects. Right now he is thinking of a "glove transmitter" that relays minute electrical impulses generated by the twitch of a finger, or electrode goggles that will operate a typewriter through the brain-waves produced by moving one's eyeballs—two new gadgets that may pop up in the headlines some day soon.

Emik Avakian—seated in his wheelchair—has come a long way from the frightened immigrant lad who 18 years ago was carried helpless onto our shores.

Pioneer Problem

(Answer to Brain Twister on page 36)

SAM DID WHAT any pioneer would have done. He lay low and started pulling up the grass until he had a small area cleared around him. When the fire did reach him, he hugged the ground and let it burn past him. Then he got ready to defend himself again. The Indians, however, seeing that he was still full of fight, gave up and stole away. Sam walked on into the settlement and in a short time, he and the doctor were racing back to the homestead.

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Human Comedy

DAVID MACDONALD, the actor, took his six-year-old niece to the ballet. The youngster watched the girls dancing on tip-toe, then asked: "Why don't they just get taller girls?" —LEONARD LYONS

OF THE THOUSANDS of hackies licensed by the New York City Police Department, a handful make at least twice as much money as the others by using their brains.

Hopping a cab one night I was surprised to notice that the tough-looking hackie had a pair of pink baby shoes dangling inside his windshield. He didn't exactly look like the sentimental type, so I inquired if they belonged to his infant.

"Nope," he grunted, "ain't married. Picked 'em up in a five-and-ten for a buck. Gives fares something to talk about, and they tip family men bigger."

—HY GARDNER, *Champagne Before Breakfast* (Henry Holt & Co.)

AN ELDERLY storekeeper from the Georgia mountains was brought before Albert Dozier, state sales-tax director, for not only failing to collect the tax but for not even registering to do so. When it became obvious that the sales tax was the least of the merchant's worries, the director spent 20 minutes patiently explaining what the tax was, how it worked, and the storekeeper's responsibility in collecting it.

After listening to the lengthy explanation, the merchant considered, then drawled: "Wal, it sounds like a purty good scheme, but I don't think I'll join it right now." —LUKE GREENE

STATISTICS COMPILED by the police chief of Middleboro, Massachusetts, indicate that the driver having the best chance of avoiding a traffic accident in his town is a 75-year-old traveling saleswoman operating a semi-trailer or motorcycle at 51 miles an hour or more, on a Wednesday between 4 and 5 A.M. —ORESTE SAVINO

NOT SO MANY years ago, the daughter of one of Stonewall Jackson's bodyguards, an indomitable Virginian then in her eighties, enrolled for a university summer course in the history of the South.

One day, the lecturer made the usual comment that it was best the war had ended with a Northern victory. Later on, he made the same apologetic interjection. The smoldering little lady could stand his treason no longer.

"Professor," she interrupted, "you keep saying that it was best that the North won the war. How do you know? We didn't get a chance to even *try* it our way."

—HODDING CARTER, *Southern Legacy* (Louisiana State University Press)

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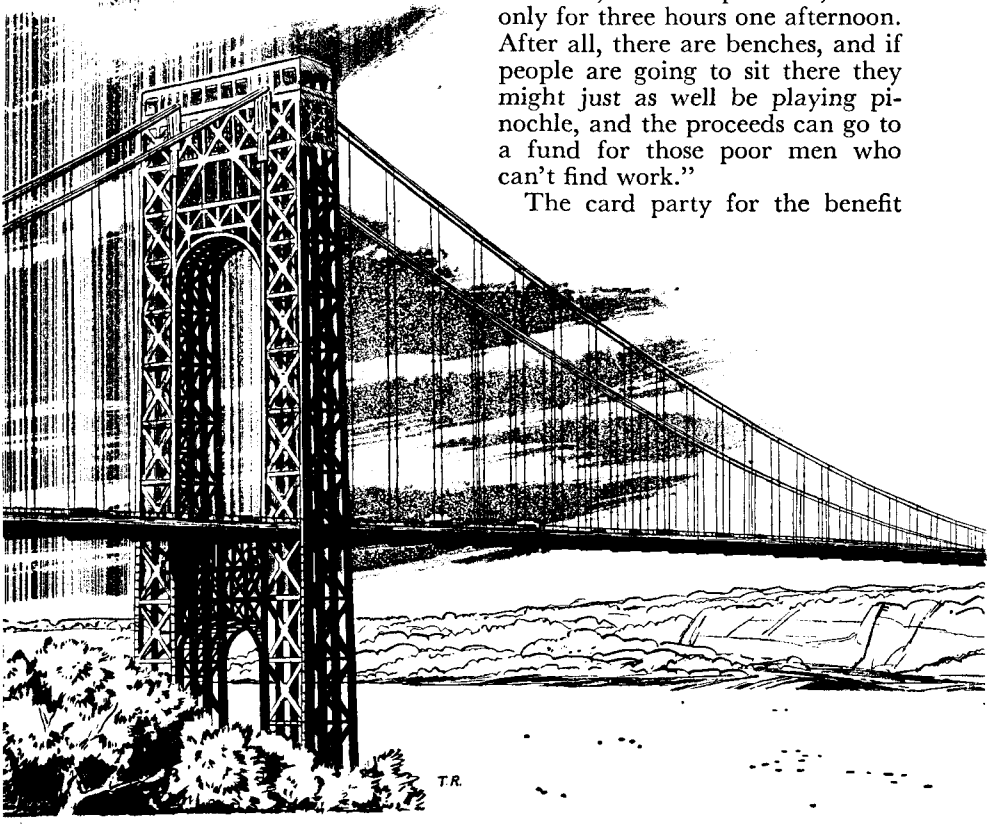
NEW YORK'S WONDER BRIDGE

by TOM TAYLOR

Commuters, commerce and tourists pour daily across this vital ribbon of steel



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, the handsome and vitally necessary Hudson River span which links the borough of Manhattan and Fort Lee, New Jersey, has never been "sold" to a gullible country boy; but veteran operational staff members still chuckle about the time a lady tried to rent it for a card party.

It was in 1932, during the worst of the Depression and just before the bridge celebrated its first birthday. The prospective hostess quickly explained that she did not propose to use the entire 4,760-foot structure.

"I'll just need the south pedestrian walk," she emphasized, "and only for three hours one afternoon. After all, there are benches, and if people are going to sit there they might just as well be playing pinochle, and the proceeds can go to a fund for those poor men who can't find work."

The card party for the benefit

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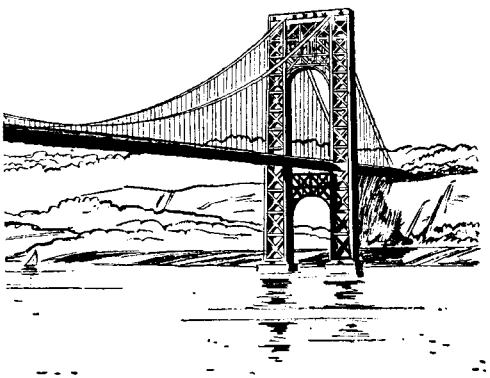
of the unemployed never came to pass, of course, but practically every drama that can befall humankind, from childbirth to sudden death, *has* been enacted here. This is not surprising when you consider the fact that during the past 23 years, nearly one billion people have crossed this, the second longest suspension bridge in the world.

A lure for visitors from every corner of the globe, this awe-inspiring stage has attracted headliners and walk-ons, heroes and villains, characters of every type and temperament.

Each day of the year, close to 90,000 vehicles cross the George Washington Bridge to enter or leave New York City, at a cost of about $43,000 in tolls. Many are daily commuters whom familiarity has blinded to the magnificence of the panoramic view and the sheer beauty of this ribbon of steel and concrete, with its cobweb of cables high above the Hudson.

But it is not merely a commuter route, a commercial highway and a "must" for tourists visiting New York City. No one knows how many proposals of marriage have been eagerly accepted or politely refused under its 154 cable lights, or the number of lovers' quarrels and family spats that have kindled on its spacious promenades.



One woman, who lives in Washington Heights at the New York end of the span, has threatened to divorce her husband and name the bridge as corespondent. "He spends more evenings there than with me," she complains. "He says it's peaceful on the bridge."

In addition to those who have used it as a lovers' lane, to walk the dog, to get away from the hustle and the bustle of the metropolis, or just to brood about life, some 100 people have committed suicide by plunging the 260 feet into the gray waters of the river. A similar number, fortunately, have been caught in time and dissuaded by alert bridge employees.

One would-be suicide, already beyond the guard rail, meekly returned to safety when Patrolman Fred McCluskey hurriedly drew his revolver and shouted, "Come back over that rail or I'll blow your head off!"

On another occasion, a man saved the life of a woman who started to leap over the side and, when he was interviewed the following day, admitted that the only reason he had been on the pedestrian walk at the crucial moment was that he had planned to commit suicide himself.

The George Washington bridge was designed and built by the Port of New York Authority, a bi-state agency, under the direction of the Swiss-born American engineer, O. H. Ammann, with Cass Gilbert,

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who had designed the Woolworth Building and the Custom House, lower-Manhattan landmarks, as consulting architect.

Almost twice as long as any other suspension bridge in existence when it was built, the Hudson span has since been outdistanced by the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Measuring 4,760 feet between anchorages (the over-water span is 3,500 feet), the structure, including the 635-foot towers, weighs 112,000 tons. Each of the four main suspension cables contains 26,474 wires—enough .196-inch wire to circle the globe four times.

The deck of the bridge is supported by 304 vertical cables which are bolted around the main cables. Twenty years after it was built, the bridge bolts had to be tightened, since traffic movement on a suspension bridge causes a shift in stress, resulting in some bolts carrying more weight than others.

Last spring, the bridge got its fourth painting. A crew of 50 specially trained men clambered up the towers and set to work brushing 22,500 gallons (112 tons) of aluminum paint onto the 6,000,000 square feet of bridgework. The $300,000 beautifying job requires some 300 workdays; high winds and inclement weather will stretch out the job over two years.

Not more than one man in ten who applies for paint-crew positions qualifies, according to Carroll (Whitey) Warren, Port Authority structural foreman. Slightly more than half pass the rigid medical tests, but most of them wash out when they are auditioned as high-altitudists.

Warren escorts them to the top of a tower, indicates a beam that is 8 inches wide and 20 feet long, and says, "Go ahead." Many of the men "freeze" and have to be assisted back to the platform by experienced escorts who are always assigned to go along on the test walk.

Several painters have had narrow escapes—one fainted from heat stroke but was grabbed by his partner, and another turned a somersault at 500 feet in the air, only to land on a nearby beam—but the most serious personal injury occurred when a workman fell 30 feet from an approach and broke both legs.

George A. Cole, manager of the bridge, has 250 men under his command, including 210 policemen, a maintenance crew of 30 and an office staff. John Scott (Scotty) Poole, a foreman electrician, worked for two of the firms that helped construct the span from 1928 to 1931, when he joined the Port Authority staff. He remained on the bridge payroll until April, 1953, when he was transferred to the Lincoln Tunnel.

One of Poole's favorite stories concerns the man who pointed at the catwalk used by the construction men before the cables were

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strung and said: "It's going to take a good car to go up that climb in high gear."

The veteran foreman electrician received the Port of New York Authority's Distinguished Service Medal for 15 years of exemplary service. His quick thinking during a fire caused by an electrical short circuit in a machine room (he tied the elevator cables off) saved the life of a worker inside.

In view of the risk-content of some of the tasks performed daily by bridge employees, it is truly amazing that no fatalities have occurred since the span was opened. However, 14 men perished during the four-year construction period.

Still, the bridge is not only a safe place to work, it is one of the safest miles of highway in the country. No deaths have resulted because of collisions or other types of accidents on the actual span, although several persons have been killed in crashes on bridge approaches.

Last year, 33,000,000 cars, buses and trucks rolled across its eight lanes. By 1960 this figure is expected to reach 41,000,000. Recently, plans were announced for the addition of a six lane lower deck. The new level, designed to meet rapidly increasing traffic needs, will be built at a cost of $82,000,000.

Traffic engineers place the bridge's absolute capacity at 10,000 vehicles an hour. The record for a single hour was established on August 20, 1954, when 9,769 vehicles crossed between 6 and 7 P.M.

Just about every type of wheeled conveyance has passed through the toll lanes, and the cargoes of the freight carriers have included such unusual items as king-size propellers for ocean liners and truckloads of white mice.

An 850-pound pig fell off the rear of a truck one afternoon, and the driver and bridgemen had a time getting the huge porker back into his sty-on-wheels. A giraffe stuck his head up just before his open-topped truck started under the tollhouse canopy, and it took a lot of coaxing before he would assume a sitting position again. A six-month-old fox was chased the length of the bridge by a dog back in 1935.

During World War II, when a group of German POWs crossed the Hudson en route to prison camp, they marveled at the engineering ingenuity that "rebuilt it in so short a time." Seems they had been convinced by Herr Goebbels' propaganda experts that it had been completely destroyed during one of the "air raids" New York had suffered at the hands of the Luftwaffe.

BRIDGE AUTHORITIES have come in contact with more than their share of eccentrics, especially egomaniacs who strive for recognition by bizarre behavior. Every so often, some crackpot phones bridge officials and informs them that he has placed a charge of explosives on the bridge, or that he intends to jump off at midnight. For some reason, these false alarms occur more often on nights when the moon is full.

Then there are the misguided extroverts who decide to jump off the bridge—and live. These long-shot players figure that the ensuing publicity will land them in the movies or on television, or at least on the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

Only one man ever made the 225-

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foot leap successfully, and he went over the edge in 1949 wearing a parachute. The cabbie who drove him to the middle of the bridge made the papers, too, with his remark: "That jerk didn't even yell 'Geronimo.'"

During the 1952 presidential campaign, a headline-hungry Newark handyman—who had a long list of silly stunts to his credit—arrived at mid-bridge wearing a harness with five huge balloons attached. Each sphere was inscribed: "I Like Ike." Bridge policemen discouraged him by letting the air out of the balloons and told him never to darken their bridge again.

Half a dozen simon-pure adventurers have climbed the superstructure. One teen-ager scrambled inside one of the main vertical girders of the New York tower, which, at the time, had no entrance plate. He ascended hand-over-hand on the inner rungs, in pitch darkness, until he was about 300 feet from the ground. There he became frightened and began to shout for help. He could be heard all over that end of the bridge.

"It was eerie," a painter recalled. "He yelled his head off, but we couldn't spot him. We searched everywhere. It was like a game of hide-and-seek. Every time we got close to him, he clammed up. I guess he figured we'd wallop him if we could get our hands on him. Then, when we got 'cold,' he would remember that we were the only ones who could get him down and he'd start yelling again. It took us three hours to find him."

Few people are aware that beneath the New York end of the bridge deck stands a fat little red lighthouse, built in 1921 to warn boatmen of the shoals off 178th street. The lilliputian lighthouse—only 40 feet high and 14½ feet in diameter—was rendered obsolete when the giant, well-illuminated bridge was built above it. In 1951, the Coast Guard, wanting it removed, put it up for sale.

This caused a furor. It seems that a children's book, "The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge," written by Mrs. Hildegarde Hoyt Swift and published in 1942, had made the pertinent point that "little things and little people can be important in a world of giants and giant events."

Hundreds of people rallied to the support of the "symbol of security" that it had become to children all over the country. Thousands of letters were received from youngsters asking that the lighthouse be saved.

The little red lighthouse was not torn down. It was given to the New York City Department of Parks, instead, and will be preserved as a landmark for as long as the bridge stands—which, engineers have promised, will be forever.

Weather-Wise

TWO NATIVE sons watched a heavy rain-storm in Los Angeles with mounting embarrassment until one observed: "Some terrible weather certainly blows in from Nevada, doesn't it?" —GARY SCHAYNE

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Atlanta's Classroom Crusader

by JAMES WALDROP

"Miss Ira" has turned a run-down organization into an efficient school system

A PUBLISHER'S REPRESENTATIVE on his first visit to Atlanta called the superintendent of schools several times and each time found Dr. Ira Jarrell out. Finally he told the superintendent's secretary, "Ask Dr. Jarrell to drop over to my room for a drink when he comes in."

The startled caller could only gulp when the secretary informed him that the superintendent is a teetotaler. "And," she added somewhat indignantly, "Dr. Jarrell is also a lady."

The superintendent—a large, ruddy woman whose impish grin and penchant for furs, orchids and flamboyant hats fail to hide the unmistakable demeanor of a teacher—is accustomed to strangers who blink when ushered into the office of a lady named Ira.

And although they frequently are surprised at her softly waved silver hair and warm gray eyes that light up when she talks in a resonant Georgia drawl about "my children," every man, woman and child in Atlanta recognizes them and feels that he has known "Miss Ira" personally all his life.

On January 1, 1944, Ira Jarrell became superintendent of Atlanta's schools, the only woman in the country to head a metropolitan school system. She took over an antiquated, run-down organization which had only four high schools to serve over 250,000 people. Its curriculum was stilted and academic, coeducation was taboo and facilities for Negroes were a disgrace.

Miss Ira, who had started 25 years earlier as a first-grade teacher, moved into a suite of offices in City Hall, hung new curtains, advised her teachers to go buy themselves a new hat, and began a precedent-shattering era in Atlanta schools. Today, the city has 18 coeducational high schools, a student-operated radio station, and over four times the number of Negro teachers it had ten years ago.

Not since Scarlett O'Hara has Atlanta laid claim to such a driving

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woman, nor one as controversial. For her fanatic zeal and plain-spoken, two-fisted approach to problems has frequently caused her to tangle with friend and foe alike.

"I'm just an old maid teacher trying to do a job," Dr. Jarrell explains from behind her massive desk, covered with fancy paperweights, several vases of fresh flowers, an array of snapshots, books, budgets, and an occasional blueprint, which is the nerve center for an empire of 130 schools.

She serves on the Board of Health, takes an active part in charity and welfare activities, teaches a Sunday school class, and clucks like a mother hen over her 96,000 students. And nobody who has found himself in the opposite corner from Miss Ira is misled by her beguiling old maidishness.

Although she is selected by the Board of Education and frequently denounces "politicians," she is highly respected in Atlanta's political circles and is recognized as a moral force in the city. She has many friends in labor circles from the days when she headed the Atlanta Public School Teachers' Association, an official teachers' union, and her common-sense approach to school problems, her complete devotion to the schools and schoolchildren, have won her tremendous support.

Ira Jarrell first caught the public's eye when the dilapidated old Sylvan Hills Elementary School, which she served as principal, burned shortly before dawn on a chilly January morning in 1934. The lady principal showed up wearing her best coat and a flowery little hat. Surveying the scene, she murmured ecstatically: "My, what a pretty fire!"

When school authorities announced that they hoped to resume classes at some other location within a week or so, Miss Ira stormed into the superintendent's office and demanded quarters for her children immediately. Classes began in another school the following day, and not one of her students had the audacity to be absent.

Within record time, thanks largely to the lady's persistence, a new school was built. A decade later, she was selected over several male candidates to fill the superintendent's post.

Then, in 1946, with the advice of lay and professional groups, she set out to revamp Atlanta schools, a move which found immediate public support in a bond issue which included $9,000,000 for schools. Opposition elements, however, eyed the hubbub with growing suspicion. They centered their opposition on coeducation, an issue steeped in the tradition of Latin for boys and genteel, effeminate studies for Atlanta maidens.

When Miss Ira's building program began to drag, she knew the time had come for a showdown. Calling in a subordinate, she ordered him to tear down the temporary classrooms—equipped with old-fashioned potbellied stoves—on the campus of one of the high schools.

GARY COOPER:
MR. AMERICAN
An intimate story that reveals the true personality of one of our country's most famous movie stars. In June Coronet.

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"I don't care how you do it," she told him determinedly. "But get those buildings down and don't waste any time!"

The man appeared at the school the following morning with a hastily recruited wrecking crew of Georgia Tech students and began the demolition. Maintenance men for the school system took one look at what was happening and quickly threatened to strike.

The superintendent, trailed by reporters and photographers, arrived on the scene in a new red hat cocked at a rakish angle and with her Irish dander obviously well aroused. "All right, I'll tear them down myself!" she announced as she reached for a wrecking bar.

Nobody has since doubted who is running the Atlanta school system.

Fighting for what she believes in is nothing new for Ira Jarrell. Born shortly before the turn of the century on Atlanta's old Southside, her life has never been easy. The seventh of nine children, eight of whom were boys, her parents were apparently so stunned when she turned out to be a girl that they were at a loss for a more feminine name.

When she was five, her father died, leaving his widow a small insurance policy and a house full of children. As her brothers grew old enough, they quit school and went to work to support the family. One day, the tall, skinny Ira, then a junior in high school, also came home with a job.

Mittie Jarrell, a resolute mother, took the news stoically but the following morning she awakened her daughter with, "Get up, Ira, you'll be late for school. I've watched you working with the other kids. You're a natural-born teacher and you're going to school and be one. Now get up."

She did prove to be a "natural-born" teacher. Two years at the Atlanta Normal School, where she practiced teaching in a neighborhood so rough that she frequently had to hold the door to keep students in while another student taught, dispelled any doubts she might have had about her desire to teach.

Young Ira had hardly unpacked her books on her first regular teaching assignment at the Crew Street School in 1918, when one of her unruly charges misbehaved. She cried for two hours before persuading a seasoned colleague to administer a spanking.

"I soon learned that love and understanding were more effective than the hickory switch," she recalls. "And it proved easier on me."

SHE WENT TO SCHOOL summers and at night to earn a bachelor and a master's degree in education; and has since received an honorary doctorate from Oglethorpe University.

In 1952, a slightly red-faced Board of Education suddenly awakened to the fact that their superintendent's term had expired several months before, and promptly re-elected her for her third four-year term.

She arrives at her office around 9 o'clock to begin a 15-hour day packed with problems large and small. Although her duties keep her out of the office much of the time, a cardinal rule for the superintendent is that *all* phone calls must be answered personally, if it means

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spending half the night on the telephone. Parents no longer are surprised to hear her husky voice late at night, answering a routine call they made earlier in the day.

She visits schools regularly, knows hundreds of students by name and is an avid sports fan. She is also concerned with juvenile delinquency, and more than one gathering of teen-agers in all-night drive-ins has been scattered when her gray head was thrust suddenly from a car window with, "All right, children, let's go home."

Under her administration, salaries of teachers have increased considerably, while the teacher load has decreased. She has turned once-drab schoolrooms into a riot of color. And, although she never married "because my brothers always beat up and ran off all suitors," she has made an especial point of assigning men teachers to elementary schools "to add a little interest to the schools."

Although she is tightfisted with public monies, she is noted as the softest touch in town. She has paid all college expense for a number of students and can be counted on to help any of her "children" in financial straits. Her mink cape is a present from a brother and her hats are no extravagance because "everybody needs a good hat."

The pyrotechnics of Miss Ira's first few years of handling a man's job have quieted considerably. But she still has much work to do. Atlanta is just completing a $5,000,000 school building program and she has plans for many more buildings.

Miss Ira goes forward, meanwhile, full of confidence and sure that Providence is with her. Recently, her automobile was badly damaged in a crash which she saw coming. She stopped her car, pulled her hat over her eyes, and braced her substantial frame.

Miss Ira alighted badly shaken but miraculously unhurt and observed, "I reckon the Lord still has plenty left for me to do."

Americans Abroad

A YOUNG MAN who recently toured England was telling of his indignation over an incident that occurred when he visited the Tower of London.

An affable Briton approached him. "American, aren't you?" he asked. "I thought so, from your accent."

"The nerve of the guy, making a crack like that," sputtered the American, "when *he* was the one that had the accent!" —ELEANOR CLARAGE

A HARASSED SWISS GUIDE had been trying to find something to really impress an American tourist in his party. In despair he played his last card—the magnificent view of the Alps from the Lausanne.

"Isn't this the most beautiful view you've ever seen?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," said the American. "Take away your lakes and your mountains, and what have you got?"

—BENNETT CERF, *Laughing Stock* (Grosset & Dunlap)

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Strong Man's Weakness

by CLAIRE WEBSTER NEVILLE

JOHN TILLY was the strongest man in the Salmon Alps—yet he died of his weakness.

John was a teamster hauling supplies over the rugged wagon trail to the Siskiyou County diggings, last and most isolated of the California gold fields. Here the formidable Salmon Alps defied the physically weak to wrest away its gold in summer—and in winter defied life itself to last until spring.

In 1890, after the hauling season, John Tilly had saved $400 in gold pieces. He started for the "outside" with the good intention of taking the money to his wife and children.

He played a lively tune on his beloved violin as he neared the level stretch at Callahan's Ranch Hotel, the only real temptation spot on his way. But he heard the clink of gold coins, and the weakness entered his great body. It wasn't long before he had lost his $400 in a poker game. So John bowed his head and started back the way he had come.

Other teamsters heard loud yelling and swearing as they passed Big Mill Creek and hurried to investigate. There, holding his head up by his long hair and battering his face with a knotted fist, was Tilly—*beating himself*. Between curses he yelled: "I'll larn myself to break a promise!"

Every year, Tilly started for the "outside" with loud promises of good behavior—until he reached Callahan's and heard the clink of gold coins. Each poker session left him broke, battered from his own harsh beating, and with only one thing of value—his violin, for which he had paid $200 a long time ago. He played quite well, his strong fingers tenderly rendering *O, Susanna* and all the nostalgic song-memories of the home he could never reach.

Finally, after losing again at one of these poker sessions, Tilly raised his great bulk from the chair and picked up his violin. Silently, they waited for him to play some sad song. But John didn't tuck his beloved violin under his chin. Instead, he tenderly carried it to the open hearth and placed it in the flames.

Those nearby tried to rescue the violin, but Tilly's great strength held them back. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "if I can't larn myself nothin'—I don't deserve my last comfort!"

A few days later they found John Tilly, the "Strongest Man in the Salmons," dead from the grief of a great weakness.

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Why Waste Money on *BIG WEDDINGS?*

Expensive pageantry frequently becomes only a bitter memory for all concerned

by HELEN COLTON

FRANK BENSON, a typical family man, earned $9,000 last year, after taxes. On June 19th Mr. Benson —who practically had to be harassed into it—spent more than $2,000 on his daughter Lisa's wedding.

Expressing what are probably the sentiments of many another father, Mr. Benson says, "What's gotten into our wives and daughters? It's insane, I think, for a man to have to work thirteen weeks—three months!—to pay for a wedding."

Benson, according to a research group which recently interviewed 1,000 brides from middle-income families, is a typical American father of a marrying daughter. The astonishing fact they report is that "it is not unusual for the father of today's bride to spend (*exclusive* of trousseau) about *one-fifth of his yearly income*" on her wedding.

Moreover, because the lavish, showy affair usually costs more than they can afford, and certainly more than they intended to spend, many a big wedding, for the middle-income family, is not the joyous, sweetness-and-light event it seems when reported on the society page.

It frequently causes unpleasant scenes and battered feelings, with Dad angry over wild expenditures; daughter tearful that she can't have things as nice as she wants or at least as nice as her friend did and, at the same time, guilty because she's causing Dad all this expense; Mother alternately cajoling and demanding that Father stop complaining and shell out. To say nothing of resentment on the part of bridesmaids who are asked to spend too much on their dresses; and irritation by friends who feel that three or four showers approaches chiseling on one's friends.

Where did Frank Benson's two-thousand-some-odd dollars go?

Clothes. Lisa Benson's dress cost $200, veil $50. Shoes, gloves, blue garter cost another $30. Mrs. Benson's gown and accessories came to $125. Benson himself planned to rent, then decided to buy, formal clothes. Buying on sale, he got a tuxedo and formal shirt for $60. Total for parents and daughter: $465.

Champagne. Wedding researchers

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report this is a "must" nowadays, at around $4.50 a bottle for domestic, $6.00 for imported. Caterers plan six glasses to a bottle. Thus, the Bensons' 100 guests would imbibe 17 bottles, "if each guest had only one drink, and who stops at one drink?" the hotel caterer said, writing an order for three cases, 36 bottles, for $175.

Music. When Mrs. Benson asked the leader of a popular orchestra his charge, the man laughed, "If you go into costs, you don't get married!" Anyway, his four-piece band, playing three hours for ceremony and reception, cost $200.

Cake. "If you order it here, it's $40. You could get one elsewhere for $30," the caterer admitted. "But then, we charge $10 for cutting and serving, so it would still cost $40." And so it did.

Dinner. At $5.68 per person, this came to $568. Too nervous to eat a mouthful of their $5.68 dinners, bride and groom stopped later at a drive-in for hamburgers.

Rental of room. First planned for the church, with reception in a hotel, the whole wedding was switched to the hotel, to save guests having to drive from church to hotel. For the ceremony room, rental was $50.

Wedding pictures. Twelve pictures in fancy frames, at $10 each, came to $120. Extra prints would cost more, of course. Glossy pictures of Lisa in her bridal gown, taken earlier at the store where she bought it, and mailed to society editors, cost another $25.

Printing. One hundred engraved invitations with reply cards and envelopes, 200 engraved announcements, 200 cocktail napkins printed with bridal couple's first names, 100 boxes also printed with names, for guests to carry samples of wedding cake: $200.

Gifts. Engraved compacts, $3 each, for six bridesmaids, and a rhinestone necklace-and-earring set for the maid of honor at $10 cost Benson another $28.

Miscellaneous. Waiters' tips: $85, flowers for altar and tables: $100.

Grand total: $2,056.00!

It isn't only Father who finds today's weddings increasingly costly. Lush nuptials reach into the wallets of more and more of us.

A generation ago, one bridal shower was all that was considered proper and decent. Today, "there may be as many as five or six showers," reports a wedding researcher, with nearly all brides being tendered at least two.

While Mother's was usually a general shower to which guests brought anything from linen to ladles, the affairs for her daughter have succumbed to the age of specialization. We are specifically bidden to bring only linens, lingerie, china, kitchenware, with the bride's sizes, chosen patterns or color schemes frankly stated on the invitation.

Many men are also learning about the expense of "wedding-going." In a new custom they, too, are being invited to showers—for the groom. These are sometimes tie showers, more often bar showers, including ice-crushers, lime-squeezers and cocktail-stirrers.

These presents, of course, are only *part* of the high cost of being a wedding guest. What about clothes?

Time was, when a man could appropriately wear a dark suit. Almost

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his total expense was the cost of laundering his best white shirt, and 25 cents for a boutonniere. But today? First he joshes Dick, his co-worker at the plant or office. "Hey, some class to you, a formal wedding!" To which Dick embarrassedly replies, "Oh, you know how girls are. Polly wants to do it up right." And then the guest heads for a tuxedo-rental place.

As for women guests, from coast to coast you hear the same lament. "It was just throwing money away to spend $100 on this," they say, pointing to literally millions of gowns, floppy hats and gold kid sandals, worn only once by mothers, aunts, cousins, at weddings, and now reposing in closets. Not to mention flower-girl dresses and ring-bearer suits worn by countless nieces and nephews.

But it is the female wedding attendant who suffers the worst blow to the budget. Jill, a secretary with many co-workers and college chums, has been asked to serve as a bridesmaid seven times. "After the third time, even if a friend seemed peeved, I told her my quota had been filled. Someone ought to start a new custom: no girl a bridesmaid more than three times."

Jill's expenses ran more than $100 a wedding—about two weeks' take-home pay, for the following:

Bridesmaid frock including alterations	$55.
Bonnet to match	10.
Gloves	5.
Shoes dyed to match	15.
Black nylon panty-and-slip set for bride's lingerie shower	13.
Casserole in wrought-iron base, housewares shower	6.
Monogrammed book matches, paper shower	2.
Chipped in towards bridesmaids' luncheon	5.
Chipped in towards bridesmaids' purchase of Bridal Book	2.
Total	$113.

Not that most attendants don't try to keep costs down. "We'd like to have avoided some expenses, like chipping in to run affairs," says a recent usher. "But you're ashamed to say so, afraid of sounding cheap."

"Or someone hints you won't chip in," his wife adds, "because you're jealous of the bride and all she's getting. So you keep still and feel resentful. But it's not considerate, just because a girl wants to make a big splash, to put her friends through all that expense."

Why do so many families of moderate income get involved in expensive weddings? Partly, it may be the bride's desire to march down the aisle looking like the heroine of an "A" movie production. Here is her supreme moment of stardom in life, and why worry about practicalities like the cost?

Many weddings are used to pay off social and business obligations. What is supposed to be an intimate occasion becomes a "Grand Central Station event," at which many of the guests are strangers to each other as well as to the bridal pair.

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Another common reason is that Mother didn't have the kind of wedding *she* wanted. Willing or not, her girls will have it. Many mothers, say psychologists Evelyn Millis Duvall and Reuben Hill in their book, *When You Marry*, "take over almost completely and manage everything from the first invitation to the last detail, with only occasional reference to the preferences of bride and groom."

Grooms don't protest because, traditionally, as Dr. Paul Popenoe of the American Institute of Family Relations points out, they don't have much to say about wedding arrangements. Few grooms dare defy this unwritten code and thus start quarrels even before they are in the family.

But, undoubtedly, underlying every wedding which costs more than a family can afford is the urge "to keep up with the Joneses" by slavishly following all the wedding customs of their particular social or business circle. If the Mason girl has twelve attendants, movie *and* still photographers, a five-tier cake, a six-piece band, a seven-shelf display of gifts, and an $80 wisp of lace for a veil, can the Peters girl be married with less?

It is hard for a family to become the first to break with expensive and unnecessary traditions and rituals. Caught in the vicious circle, Father, with misgivings, finally agrees to the lavish affair, even though he is well aware that he is merely establishing another "Jones" record for the next parent, with equal reluctance, to match or even exceed.

Because they do keep up with the Joneses, many couples pay dearly, dissipating in a momentary pageant money which could bring years of comfort, convenience and charm in their homes. And their homes can certainly use it, judging from comments of researchers who have visited newlywed residences around the country. *Many couples reported they spent less on furnishings than they did on wedding receptions* which lasted an hour or two.

Actually, cutting wedding costs is probably easier than you realize. As authors Duvall and Hill point out, "the items that make a wedding expensive are largely those having to do with 'show.' " Other experts suggest the following ways of having "a lovely wedding at moderate cost":

CHOOSE SIMPLE CLOTHES. Omit unnecessary decorations. Serve finger sandwiches or just a "sweet table" instead of expensive meats or hot food. Write personal notes of invitation. Use few or no attendants. Have a friend take snapshots. Order a simpler, smaller wedding cake. Be married in the morning, or on a week-day, when catering and rental costs may be less. Borrow a friend's or relative's house if yours is too small.

If wearing a bridal gown is the culmination of girlhood dreams, don't be deprived of that joy. You'll look just as lovely stepping from one room into the next in your gown as you would have looked walking down an aisle. The occasion, not the size of the room, gives a bride her special radiance.

And when your family tells friends, neighbors and business associates, "Anne and Guy are having a small wedding; they prefer to

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spend the money on their home," the reaction almost invariably will be: "How sensible!" Anne and Guy could even say, frankly, in their handwritten invitations that they chose to spend the money on house furnishings. People will admire them for having the courage to be the first to do it. Once a couple does this, they make it easier for others to follow.

Beth and Jim, a Los Angeles couple, recently had a wonderfully successful and inexpensive wedding, by dividing it into three sessions. One Saturday they were married in a minister's study, then moved into the apartment they had already furnished. The following week they held a combination wedding reception and housewarming for relatives. They wrote invitations themselves on informal notepaper: "Please come to our reception and share our joy."

The week after, they had a similar party for friends. Beth had one small wedding cake for each party. No friend or relative was left out, no one had to buy or rent special clothes, and Beth and Jim probably got as many gifts as they would have received at an elaborate and expensive wedding.

For a final clincher, ask several couples who have been married a few years, especially the ones with small children: "If you had it to do over, would you still have a big wedding?"

When you hear from young marrieds how unimportant a big wedding becomes in retrospect, you'll probably have a feeling of relief that you haven't committed yourself to one. Now you can happily go and write your own invitations for a small ceremony and reception. Some evening soon, when you and your new husband look around happily at your possessions, some of them bought with what would have been your "big wedding" money, you'll both be glad you did.

Au Natural

AFTER WORLD WAR II, British troops were stationed for a while in one of the Near Eastern countries and one evening, after a bit of partying, six of them slipped past the local sheik's drowsing guards and stole into his harem. They were eventually apprehended and promptly brought before their irate commanding officer, who proceeded to dress them down severely.

He reminded them that they were representing the British Empire; that they came from intelligent, educated British families; had been highly trained to respect the customs and privacy of all peoples. In spite of this, he continued, they had fully disgraced themselves, their families and the nation. Tears rolled freely down the cheeks of the culprits when they were finally dismissed.

As they turned to march out, the officer coughed hesitantly and, when they waited, asked, "But I say, old chaps, what was it like?" —*Tracks*

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